

# The Monthly Chronicle

OF

## NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. III.—No. 34.

DECEMBER, 1889.

PRICE 6D.

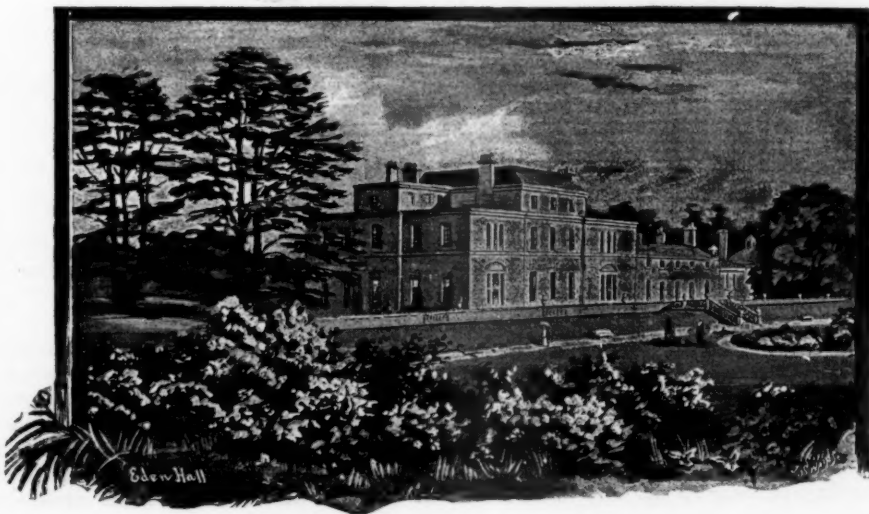
### The Luck of Eden Hall.

**E**DEN HALL, the seat of the old Border family of the Musgraves, is a comparatively modern mansion, in the Italian style of architecture, situate about five miles from Penrith, in Cumberland. It is surrounded on all sides by gently sloping, thickly wooded uplands, and stands in a spacious park whose attractions are enhanced by the meanderings of the Eden.

"The manor of Eden Hall was," says William Whelan in his "History of Cumberland," published in 1860, "given by the Conqueror to Henry FitzSwein, but how long it continued in his family we have no account. In the reign of Henry III. Robert Turp occurs as possessor of the

manor, and on his demise it descended successively to his son and grandson, the latter of whom dying without male issue, Eden Hall came to his two daughters, co-heirs, one of whom, Julian, became the wife of William Stapleton, in 1327. It continued to be held by the Stapleton family for five descents, when Joan, second daughter and co-heir of Sir William Stapleton, Knt., brought it in marriage to Thomas de Musgrave about the 38th Henry VI. (1459-60), and it is still in the possession of his family and name."

Sir Richard Courtenay Musgrave, mentioned as the "present baronet" by Whelan, died in London at the beginning of 1881. At the general election of 1880 he was elected member for East Cumberland, having been de-



feated at two previous elections. As a canvasser, Lady Musgrave did splendid service for her husband, and it was probably owing to her influence that he was successful in his third campaign. The heir to the baronetcy at the time of his father's death was only nine years old. Within two years of Sir Richard's death, his wife was married to the Hon. Henry Brougham, of Brougham Hall, some two miles distant from Eden Hall. Since then Mr. Brougham has inherited his father's title, and is now Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Eden Hall is only one of the vast number of old family residences round which the traditions of the ages that are gone have wrapped their tendrils; but the particular legend which has immortalised this old mansion occupies a unique position among the numerous pieces of folk-lore in existence at the present day. The knights of Musgrave, from their Norman progenitor downwards, appear to have been equally well fitted to wield the ponderous lance in battle fray or to pour out amorous supplication in lady's boudoir.

Some time during the mediæval ages (it would destroy the delightful vagueness of the whole story to dabble in dates) there appears to have lived at Eden Hall a doughty descendant of the old Musgrave stock, whose Christian name, tradition hath it, was Richard. Richard, although prone for a long time to a somewhat indiscriminate affection for the fair sex, ultimately fixed his mind upon the daughter of a neighbouring baron, who, unfortunately, had been promised in marriage to her cousin Theodore. Margaret, however, had no yearning for her cousin, but, on the contrary, became violently attached to the roystering knight of Eden Hall. Stolen interviews were frequent, and not even the vigilant eyes of all the guards and seneschals the old baron could muster were able to keep Richard out of their young mistress's garden. All went merry as a marriage bell, until the demon Jealousy stepped in to put an end to the courtship. Margaret, in a fit of contrariness, consented to her union with Theodore; and Richard, with his palfrey Caliph for companion, resolved to rusticate for a short time in the woods.

A few hours only had elapsed since the knight's quarrel with "mistress mine," when, feeling in want of rest, he flung himself upon a mound of grass, after tethering his horse to an oak-sapling near. It was whilst thus listlessly reclining that a sight presented itself to his vision the like of which it had probably never been the lot of mortal man to behold before. Under his very eyes a crowd of grotesque-looking elves were holding high revelry round a festal board that groaned beneath a heavy load of nectar and ambrosia. Oberon was master of the ceremonies, and set a bad example to his elfin associates by his ceaseless attention to a huge goblet, which he ultimately managed to drain of its precious contents. Richard gazed at the noisy crowd in wonder and amaze, but burst into a ringing laugh on seeing the king of the fairies ac-

complish this feat. Whether the idea entered the knight's head that to deprive Oberon of his cup would be to do him a service, we are unable to say, but certain it is (at least so sayeth unimpeachable tradition) that Richard rose suddenly, seized the goblet which the king had been using, fastened it in his waist-belt, and mounted his horse, all before Oberon and his subjects had time to gather their probably rather scattered wits together. By the time, however, that Caliph had covered a couple of yards the fairy throng were in full cry after him and his master, resolved if possible to regain the stolen cup. On, on, dashed the pursuers and pursued at reckless, breathless speed—

O'er the stone and through the brier,  
O'er the dry land, through the mire,  
Down the cliff and up the hill,  
Faster, faster, faster still.

Richard, however, succeeded in reaching a stream, and so obliged the elves to give up the chase, as they were unable to cross running water. Oberon now began to bargain for the cup, offering for it a ton of gold or a ton of pearls or a diamond of unprecedented value. But the knight proceeded on his way, after having been admonished by the fairy king to remember—

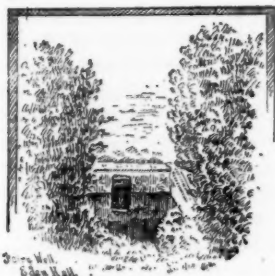
Your luck shall be  
While shines the sun and flows the sea;  
But broken once that magic glass,  
The star of Eden Hall shall set,  
And in its chambers weeds and grass  
Shall spring through marble green and wet,  
Unsheltered from the storms of Heaven  
By roofs that time's neglect has riven,  
While owls and bats and unclean things  
O'er long-quenched hearths shall fold their wings.

Richard's first desire on reaching home was to imbibe a draught of liquor from the cup. This he had no sooner done than it was announced to him that Theodore (who, by-the-bye, had not yet married Margaret) had fallen from his horse and broken his neck just in front of the hall gates. In this occurrence he recognised the mischievous hand of Oberon, and, fearful lest by drinking more he should kill someone else, he took the goblet and locked it up in a brass-bound cupboard along with the family relics. On the following day, Richard had the great good-fortune to rescue both Margaret and the baron from imminent death at the hands (or, to be more accurate, horns) of an infuriated stag. The gratitude of the old man knew no bounds, and the incident, moreover, served to rekindle the amorous flame in the bosoms of the two aforetime lovers; and tradition goes on to state that they were married upon the spot.

Another legend regarding the cup is, that the butler of the family, having gone one night to draw water at the well of St. Cuthbert, a copious spring in the grounds of Eden Hall, surprised a group of fairies disporting themselves beside the well, at the margin of which stood the drinking glass. The butler seized the glass, and a struggle for its recovery ensued between him

and the fairies. The elves were worsted, and, therefore, took to flight, exclaiming :

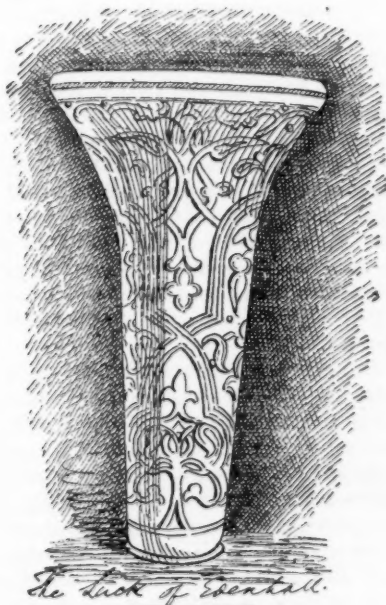
If this glass do break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall !



The wild and hare-brained Philip, Duke of Wharton, is said, on one occasion, to have nearly destroyed the Luck of Eden Hall, by letting it drop from his hands ; but the precious vessel was saved by the presence of mind of the butler, who caught it in a napkin. A boon-companion of the duke's, named Lloyd, composed a burlesque poem in reference to it, written as a parody on "Chevy Chase," commencing thus :

God prosper long from being broke  
The luck of Eden Hall !

The goblet, a representation of which is here given, is preserved at Eden Hall as one of the most cherished heir-looms of the family. It is a tall tumbler of very thin



glass, green and specky, expanding in easy curves from the bottom upwards, ornamented on the outside with a geometrical design in crimson, blue, and yellow, and holding about an English pint. Its real history cannot now be ascertained, but from the letters L.H.S. inscribed on the leathern case containing it, which, with good reason, is believed to be workmanship of the fifteenth century, it has been surmised that the vessel was originally used as a chalice.

Various poems have been written on the Luck of Eden Hall. The most famous is translated by Longfellow from the German of Uhland. The ballad gives the reader to understand that the goblet was broken to pieces ; but the present condition of it does not bear out the statement. Longfellow's translation is as follows :—

Of Eden Hall the youthful lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Eden Hall !"

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking glass of crystal tall ;  
They call it the Luck of Eden Hall.

Then said the lord : "This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal !"  
The grey-beard with trembling hand obeys ;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams on the Luck of Eden Hall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light,  
"This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the fountain sprite ;  
She wrote on it, *If this glass doth fall,  
Farewell then, O Luck of Eden Hall !*"

"'Twas right a goblet the fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Eden Hall !  
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Eden Hall !"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale ;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;  
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Eden Hall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;  
It has lasted longer than is right ;  
Kling ! klang !—with a harder blow than all  
Will I try the Luck of Eden Hall."

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;  
And through the rift the wild flames start ;  
The guests in dust are scattered all,  
With the breaking Luck of Eden Hall.

In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;  
He in the night had scaled the wall.  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Eden Hall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
The grey-beard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall,  
The shards of the Luck of Eden Hall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall ;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,  
One day like the Luck of Eden Hall !"

## Early Wars of Northumbria.

### XII.

#### HAROLD TO THE RESCUE.

**W**HEN the Norwegian raids in Yorkshire were reported to the Saxon King, he was guarding the Southern coast against the threatened attack of the Normans. Though he thoroughly understood the danger that menaced him, there seemed no alternative but to leave the visionary foe of the Channel in order to repel the actual invaders of the North. Deciding with his accustomed energy, and displaying even more than his ordinary skill, he appeared amongst his adversaries with a suddenness that sadly disconcerted them. The Norwegian monarch and his traitorous ally were still rejoicing over their victory on the Ouse, indeed, when Harold—who was supposed to be miles away—dropped upon them as if by a miracle. Hardrada and Tostig at once fell back upon the Derwent, and, having crossed at Stamford Bridge, took their stand on some gently rising ground to the eastward. The position would have been a strong one under any circumstances; but with a river in front, and only one narrow bridge to cross by, it seemed to promise disaster to all assailants. Every point of vantage was seized by the Norsemen, and considerable military skill was displayed in protecting them. All round the hill they gathered—in



ranks of equal depth—and with shield touching shield, the kneeling warriors in the foremost line raised a veritable rampart of bucklers. Each man's spear, too, was firmly fixed in the ground, with the points at such an angle as to constitute a barrier against the attacks of cavalry. Behind this formidable obstacle stood a host of brawny soldiers, armed with lance and battle-axe; while

further in the rear, and more towards the summit of the hill, were grouped the bowmen, whose object it was to harry and discomfit the attacking force before it could get to close quarters. On the very top of the eminence—surrounded by a fine array of mounted chieftains—stood the banner of the appropriately named "Land Ravager," and, as it gently responded to every passing breeze, the Saxon onlookers might well have been excused if they had declined the effort to reach it. But there was no shrinking on the part of Harold or his followers. They calmly rested while the invaders prepared, and noticed, without misgivings, that even the approaches to the bridge were occupied in force by their opponents.

#### TOSTIG'S FIDELITY TO HIS ALLY.

There seems to have been a hope, indeed, that the Saxons would find an ally in the Norwegian ranks who would help materially to equalise the chances of the anticipated encounter. Such at least was the expectation of Harold. Knowing his brother's changeableness and love of power, he despatched twenty mail-clad horsemen to seek an interview with Tostig, and to name the terms on which he might rejoin his offended brethren. But terrible as had been the previous delinquencies of this misguided youth, it should be remembered, to his credit, that he now managed to keep his word faithfully. He had bound himself to Hardrada, and he refused to desert him in the hour of trial. Tostig listened patiently while the Saxon emissaries offered to restore him to the earldom of Northumberland; but, on their message being concluded, he raised his handsome face to the thegns, and inquired—"What territory will Harold give in compensation to Hardrada?" Indignant at such a query, one of the horsemen replied, with some bitterness, that only seven feet of English ground could be granted to the Norwegian, and even that must be used for his grave. "Ride back, ride back," cried the spirited Tostig, "and bid King Harold make ready for the fight. When the Northmen tell the story of this day, they shall never say that Earl Tostig forsook King Hardrada, the son of Sigurd. He and I have one mind and one resolve, and that is either to die in battle, or to possess all England." After this bold defiance, there was no alternative but to fight, and the opposing armies completed their plans for the morrow's strife.

#### THE STRUGGLE AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

It was while smarting under his brother's defiance that Harold, at daybreak on the morning of the 25th September, 1066, ordered the vanguard of his army to attack the Norwegian position. The first aim of the assailants was to force back the defenders of the Derwent Bridge, in order to secure a clear and uninterrupted passage for the Saxon host. But the task was by no means easy. The approach was narrow, and keen blades, in stalwart hands, soon raised a mound of dead and dying men. Matters were becoming critical, indeed, when Harold brought up



a detachment of horse, and sent them at a gallop into the midst of the foe. The charge was perfectly successful, and the scattered Norsemen were speedily retreating towards their comrades on the hill. If the old chroniclers are to be believed, however, the bridge was not yet won. A Norwegian, of gigantic strength, stepped into the roadway, and, like Horatius of old, hewed down all who came within reach of his flashing brand. One Saxon "brave" after another rushed to the fray, but only to succumb to the death-dealing blows of the champion. When matters had grown a trifle serious, the end came somewhat unexpectedly. What could not be accomplished in open fight was effected by a clever stratagem. Putting off in a swine-tub—the only vessel available—a Saxon soldier paddled towards the bridge, and, while passing beneath the loosely-timbered flooring, contrived to thrust a javelin into the heroic defender's body.

#### ATTACK ON THE HILL.

The obstacle having been thus removed, Harold led his now irritated followers towards the hill, and a fierce attack was at once made upon the position. It was too strong, however, to be easily stormed, and many hardy Saxons were slain during their mad efforts to get within the Norwegian circle. Neither cool courage nor impetuous charges seemed of the slightest use, and it thus became necessary to try different tactics. At three in the afternoon, when the battle had waged six or seven hours, the bulk of Harold's horsemen made a determined dash toward's Hardrada's banner, and, for a moment, it seemed as if the enemy's lines must be penetrated. But the men held firm, and the Norwegian King—conspicuous by his dazzling helmet and sky blue mantle—galloped forward to compliment them on their steadiness. It was at this period, while the Norsemen were jubilant about their success, that the Saxon cavalry began a somewhat precipitate retreat. Deeming their victory now assured, and fearing to lose the full benefit of their triumph, the invaders left the ranks, threw down their shields, and set off in headlong pursuit. Deaf to the remonstrances of their leaders, and never suspecting a rally, the chase was continued as far as the level plain. Then came the retaliation. While Tostig and Hardrada were using every effort to get their men again together, the Saxon troopers turned, and, coming at a gallop along the riverside, bore down all opposition. They were speedily in the midst of the demoralised foe, and being ably supported by the infantry—who now swooped upon the rear—an indiscriminate slaughter ensued. There was no quarter either asked or given. With unsparing ferocity, "the hot swords leapt from bleeding wounds," and curdling gore stained every spear. Having thrown away their armour, and being thus practically defenceless, the Norwegians were utterly unable to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Their skulls were made to resound with the blows of glittering weapons, and death overtook them in thousands as they rushed panic-stricken amid the Saxon ranks.

Hardrada, shot in the neck, was one of the victims of this carnage; Tostig shared his fate; and quite a brilliant muster roll of savage chieftains lay with them on the land they had hoped to conquer.

#### CAPTURE OF THE FLEET.

It was only a very insignificant body of Norsemen who, by a quick retreat, succeeded in reaching the vessels they had left in the Ouse. Their escape from the field, however, was useless. The Saxons were at their heels, "hotly smiting," all through the flight, and arrived in ample time to capture the fleet before a single vessel could get under way. In the first flush of excitement many of the craft were burnt; but, on Harold reaching the spot, he put an end to the ruthless destruction, and ordered all the remaining prisoners to be spared. Olaf, a son of the Norwegian King, was saved by this timely decree, and so also was the Earl of Orkney. On being brought before Harold, they were magnanimously pardoned; and, having sworn that they would "for ever maintain faith and friendship with England," were allowed to return with their followers to Norway. Five hundred vessels were required to bring them across the sea; but twenty were sufficient to carry them back. The contrast thus presented made a strong impression on Olaf's mind, and gained for his subjects a long period of relief from all external wars.

#### THE DISASTER AT HASTINGS.

Though magnificent the victory, it undoubtedly proved fatal to the Saxon rule in England. Harold had lost many men in his efforts for Northumbria, and the people were by no means grateful. They had always opposed the Saxon leader's assumption of the Crown, and now that their own district had been cleared of intruders, they left him to meet his other troubles without any adequate support. And those troubles were not long in making



themselves apparent. Three days after the triumph at Stamford Bridge, the Normans effected a landing at Pevensey, and, having made secure their position, began at once to ravage the Sussex coast. Harold was feasting at York when intelligence of this new danger reached him. Calling together his shattered forces, and requesting Morcar and Edwin to follow with all the men they

could raise, he returned to the South by forced marches. London was reached with almost incredible speed, and every available fighting man having been summoned to the standard, the Saxon army was led against the foe. It was this precipitancy, perhaps, more than any other cause, that brought about the world-famous reverse at Senlac. Delay could have done no harm, and it might have led to a much-needed augmentation of our own ranks. There was a possibility, too, that some of the Northumbrians might have so far changed their tactics as to render aid to the Saxon forces. They were known to favour the claims of Edgar Atheling in preference to those of Harold, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have certainly held aloof. Seeing, however, the gravity of the crisis through which the country was passing, they could hardly have failed to sacrifice their own feelings for the general weal. Had they done so, the discomfiture of the Normans would have been certain. But Harold would listen to no adviser who recommended him to wait. He sought the invaders with dogged determination, took



up a position to intercept their advance on London, and, on the 14th October, fought a battle in which he lost both life and sceptre, and left his country an easy prey to the rapacity of the conquerors.

#### NORTHUMBRIAN REVOLT AGAINST DUKE WILLIAM.

It is unnecessary to give any minute description of the events which immediately ensued. The Northumbrians and Mercians discovered, when too late, how terribly they had erred by refusing their support to Harold. Instead of Duke William contenting himself with the acquisition of Wessex—as they had fondly hoped—he soon made it apparent that he meant to carry his operations very much further afield. The movement in favour of Edgar Atheling was quickly suppressed,

Mercia was occupied, and Northumbria was threatened with a similar fate if peace and order were not rigorously preserved. But with such a population threats were practically useless. By 1068 they were in open rebellion against the Conqueror's rule, and, on being defeated, had to submit to the presence of Norman garrisons in both York and Durham. More plotting followed, and a massacre of the strangers resulted as a matter of course. Twelve hundred men, under Robert Comyn, were slaughtered during the first night of their sojourn on the Wear; and a little later, when aided by Scots and Danes, three thousand more were exterminated in the stronghold of the Ouse.

#### THE CONQUEROR'S FIENDISH RETALIATION.

This was too much for the patience of the Norman King. Placing himself at the head of an immense army, William began, in 1069, what was called a campaign of retribution. His first act, on reaching the Humber, was to buy off the hostility of the Danes. The way thus cleared, he commenced his operations in earnest, and carried them to the end with almost fiendish brutality. York was captured, after a six months' siege, and every man, woman, and child fell victims to the mad cry for vengeance. Swarming next to the northward, they prosecuted with the utmost vigour their organised plan of devastation—"wasting the cultivated fields, burning towns and villages, and massacring indiscriminately flocks, herds, and men." Durham escaped because its



people had fled in terror; but its defences were seized and utilised by the overrunning host. For sixty miles the country was turned into a desert, and not a thing was left on which the panic-stricken fugitives could subsist. Famine succeeded murder, and tens of thousands of those who escaped the Norman soldiers were done to death by the more terrible pangs of starvation. "A havoc more

complete and diabolical was never perpetrated," and its effects were still apparent more than half a century afterwards. With this terrible visitation, the dreams of Northumbrian independence vanished. The power of the province was broken for ever, its lands were divided amongst the Norman chieftains, and the people who abandoned Harold found taskmasters infinitely harder than any of the lords of Wessex could possibly have become. It was a sorry ending for a district which, under king or earl, had so greatly influenced the destinies of the land for so many eventful centuries. WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The dotted lines on our plan show the course of two great Roman roads. As we have already indicated, most of the early battles were fought near these old highways—a circumstance which seems to justify the belief that they formed the chief means of transit till the advent of the Normans. Judging from the map, they would seem to have constituted the most favoured routes for some centuries afterwards. From Pontefract to Knaresborough, indeed, every town has a record of siege and strife; and the intermediate plains have been selected for some of the most sanguinary and destructive encounters in our history. It would not be possible, in the whole length and breadth of England, to find a district so brimful of stirring memories as that lying to the west and south of Stamford Bridge.

In the famous keep of York Castle—as shown in our first sketch—we have a fine specimen of an Early Norman stronghold. Its site, originally, was occupied by a British camp; and when this was afterwards seized by the Romans, it formed a base for all their subsequent operations to the northward. Agricola and Hadrian frequently occupied it; Severus died there; and, according to many authorities, it was the birthplace of Constantine the Great. It was the scene, too, of many stirring incidents during the Anglian invasions; it was the spot from which Edwin mainly directed his Christianising efforts; and it played a prominent part in not a few of the struggles with the Danes. In later times its record has been equally eventful. It was the meeting place of the first Parliament mentioned in our history: and within a few miles of its massive tower were decided some of the most decisive struggles that occurred during the wars of the Roses and the Commonwealth.

The Bayeux tapestry—the most remarkable of all historical records—is the source from whence the picture of Harold is taken. Though there are many eccentricities of drawing and colouring, the importance of this renowned scroll of needlework is beyond question. It may be doubted whether, with "four shots in his locker," Harold tried as quietly to take the arrow out of his eye as he is represented to be doing; and it may not unnaturally be objected that nothing in horseflesh ever looked like Queen Matilda's models. But allowance being made for small matters of this kind, there can be little doubt that the work gives us a thoroughly reliable description of the armour, weapons, and accoutrements of the Norman and Saxon soldiery, as well as many valuable insights into the manners and customs of an extremely interesting period.

Our third illustration will possess an especial attraction for North-Country people. It depicts the Conqueror, at the siege of York, bestowing upon his nephew the Northern possessions of Edwin and Morcar. According to Camden, the charter was in these words:—"I, William, surnamed the Bastard, King of England, do give and grant to thee my nephew, Alan Earl Bretagne, and to thy heirs for ever, all the villages and lands which of late belonged to Earl Edwin in Yorkshire, with the knights' fees and other liberties and customs, as freely and honourably as the same Edwin held them." It was to protect the lands thus acquired that Alan built, "amid a landscape of wild beauty," the castle of stern

grandeur which still rises above the valley of the Swale at Richmond. The drawing appears among the Cotton MS. in the British Museum; but it is said to have originally held a place in the "Register of the Honour of Richmond." It was reproduced in colours about fifty years ago by a publisher at York, and a copy of it was displayed in the window of a London print shop only a few months ago.

## Keeper Hospital, Durham.



SHORT and uninviting lane, on the north side of Gilesgate, Durham, now known as Station Lane, but formerly, I believe, called Magdalen Gate, leads past what is now the goods station of the North-Eastern Company, but was at one time the passenger station also, to a neighbourhood of retired gardens. One of these is a genuine old-fashioned English garden, most carefully kept, and the evident pride of its occupier, Mr. Thomas Coates, builder, of Gilesgate. This garden encloses the ruined chapel of the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, said to have been founded by one Sir John Fitz Alexander.

From Mr. Coates's garden and its ancient ruin, a pleasant footpath, winding by the hedegrows of verdant grass fields, brings us by a rapid descent to the bank of the Wear, and the splash and ripple of the water, as it flows over the stones of a ruined mill-dam, greets our ears. On reaching the river, we turn to our right, and in a few minutes find ourselves before the venerable gateway of the Keeper Hospital. This establishment was founded by Bishop Flambard in 1112. There can be little doubt that its original site was near the church of St. Giles, and that it was removed at some subsequent period, possibly by Bishop Pudsey, who seems to have been a second founder, and to have remodelled the constitution of the hospital. He ordered that the house should consist of thirteen brethren, who should be bound to chastity and the renunciation of worldly wealth, and to obedience to the master appointed by the bishop. Of the thirteen, six were to be chaplains, and were to celebrate mass for the souls of Pudsey himself and of Flambard, the first founder of Keeper. All the brethren were to sleep in the dormitory. The chaplains were to have new boots twice every year, but the labouring brethren were to be content with shoes with leather thongs. All other things, as stuffs, linen, and bed clothes were to be provided as they were needed at the discretion of the master of the house. By another charter the same bishop granted the brethren of this house, amongst many other privileges, pasture for their cattle in his fields, and pannage of mash and acorn for their hogs in his forest, as well as a singular permission that their dogs at Rookhope and in the vaccary of Wear-dale should not have their forefeet amputated,\* but that

\* Referring to the barbarous custom of cutting dogs' feet, D. D. D. writes from Rothbury to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—"The stipulations of Bishop Pudsey were a

the shepherds should lead them in leashes to guard their cattle from the wolves.

During the long series of invasions of England by Scottish forces under Robert Bruce, the hospital of

little more lenient than those of Odonel de Umfravill, who, in 1181, granted to the monks of Newminster (Morpeth) a lease of common rights in Alwin and Kidland (Upper Coquetdale) for 29 years. 'The dogs of the monks to lack one foot, that the lord's wild animals might have peace.' In 1168 (14 Henry II.) Ralph Fitz-Main, the king's forester in Northumberland, renders an account to the sheriff of 22s. 10d. from the men of Northumberland who did not cut the feet of their dogs. This cutting was called 'expedition,' and consisted in cutting out the balls of the forefeet of dogs, for the preservation of the king's game. The balls of mastiffs were not cut off, only the claws of each forefoot."

Kepier was fired by the invaders. This happened on the 15th June, 1306. The muniment room was destroyed, together with all the charters of the hospital. The bishop ordered a commission to inquire into the losses the brethren had sustained, and also what lands they had previously possessed. The result was the preparation of a long list of grants that had been made to the hospital in time past, and which shows that at that period its property was extensive and valuable.

The invasion of the Scots was not the only trouble that overtook the brethren. In 1351 they suffered from the ravages of the plague amongst their tenants, from the sterility of their land, which in that year had scarcely yielded seed corn, and from a murrain in the preceding





year, which had carried off 600 sheep. In consequence of these losses, the bishop granted an indulgence of 300 days to all persons contributing to the necessities of the hospital.

The history of this house is chiefly a record of the successive grants by which it was enriched. When the dissolution of hospitals was effected by Henry VIII., all these possessions came into the hands of the Crown. They were at first granted to Sir William Paget and Richard Cock, but shortly afterwards reverted to the Crown, and were then granted to John Cockburn, lord of Ormeston. By him they were sold in 1568 to John Heath, of London, the Elizabethan gentleman whose effigy lies in the chancel of St. Giles's Church. Heath's grandson, Thomas Heath, sold part of the Kepier estates in 1630 to Ralph Cole, of Gateshead, son of a blacksmith and grandfather of a baronet.

Of the hospital itself nothing remains but the gateway, a triple archway flanked by the apartments of the porters. The outer and middle arch have been provided with doors, and some of the hinge-staples still remain. Over the front are two shields, from one of which time has erased the bearings, but the other still shows three crowns, the arms, possibly, of Tynemouth Priory. The gateway itself is vaulted, with beautiful bosses in the centres. The supporting ribs are rapidly decaying, and here certainly, if anywhere, some measure of judicious restoration is needed. The whole of this structure may be appropriated to the early part of the fourteenth century. The apartments above the gateway are occupied as the residence by two respectable people in the humble ranks of life. The newel stairway by which these upper rooms were formerly

reached is partly broken away, and its basement is now used as a coal-hole.

Beyond the gateway we enter a lane, and turning through a garden gate on our right we find ourselves immediately at the entrance of the Kepier Inn, a large building chiefly constructed of brick, but having an open arcade, fronting the sunny south, built of stone. We see at once that we have before us a house which has seen better days. When we enter, and ascend its broad, balustered oak staircase, and pass into its great hall, of which the walls are still covered with the remains of splendidly carved panelling, we shall be still more impressed with a conviction of the past dignity of the mansion. This was the residence of the Heaths and the Coles, and was probably built by the second John Heath, in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

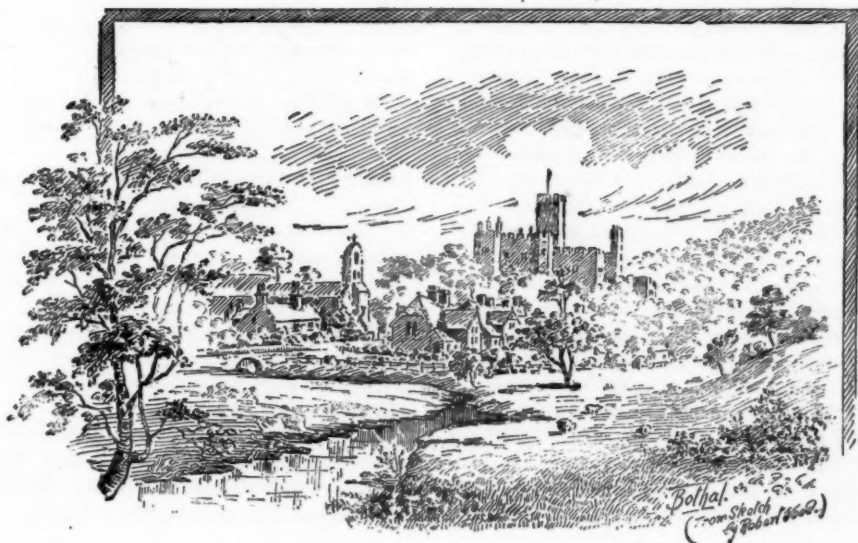
---

### Bothal Village.

---



WE derive additional pleasure from a beautiful scene when it is presented suddenly and unexpectedly to our gaze. Abundant confirmation of this truism is afforded us when, after passing through the colliery village of Pegswood, we drop, as it were, on to Bothal, half-hidden in the green valley of the Wansbeck. Our Anglian forefathers had considerable judgment when they fixed on this lovely spot for a settlement. The name signifies a mansion-house or hall, says Mr. Longstaffe. "The



student of the authorized version of Exodus reads that Pharaoh went into his house. The student's ancestors read that Pharaoh went into his bottle."

The village is not a large one, consisting merely of a few pretty cottages standing amid small flower gardens on each side of the Morpeth and Newbiggin road in a line with the castle and the church. These cottages are mostly of modern construction, built of the close-grained sandstone of the district. They are entered through trellised porches which are in summer bright with the blooms of climbing plants. Rich meadows and pastures overspread, like a mantle, the rising ground on the west side of the village. On the east are the Bothal banks sweeping round in a picturesque curve. Overlooking, and here and there overhanging, the river are larches and pine trees in stately ranks, with birches and hazels amongst them. Brackens and whin bushes, with several kinds of underwood, find a foothold on the steep slopes. Near the bridge over the Bothal burn rise, in full-leaved glory, the beech, the ash, and the elm, with other of the more majestic woodland trees. The Wansbeck from about Bothal Mill to its confluence with the Bothal burn makes a bend which is marked in the Ordnance Survey Map, "Gardener's Wheel." It then doubles as it were on its course, enclosing a triangular piece of ground called Bothal Haugh, which is crowned by a red-brick building, Elizabethan in style, the residence of the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Ellis. Huge boulders scattered along the channel of the river break its current into foaming eddies and miniature whirlpools. Bothal Mill, about a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the village, close to the river, is evidently of some antiquity, for the oldest tombstone in the churchyard is that of a former miller—Robert Watson, who died in 1711.

The antiquarian attractions, and, indeed, the chief picturesque features, of Bothal are the church and the castle. The former, which is dedicated to St. Andrew, must have been founded at a very early period, for several fragments of Anglian crosses were discovered during a recent restoration of the church. It was evidently rebuilt during the latter part of the twelfth century, when the Norman style was passing into the Early English. Portions of the chancel and a number of carved stones at the west end of the north aisle belong to that date. The north aisle with its arcade is Early English work, the south aisle with its arcade Perpendicular. In addition to such features as the Early English sedilia and piscina, the low-side window and squint, the curious recess in the north-east angle of the north aisle, the fine fragments of fourteenth century stained glass in the tracery of some of the windows, and the beautifully carved grave covers, the interior of the church contains a magnificent altar-tomb of alabaster supporting the effigies of Ralph, Lord Ogle (died 1513), and his wife, Margaret Gascoigne.

An account of the castle, together with a drawing from Allom's Views, will be found on page 257.

The history of Bothal is an unevenful one. Much excitement no doubt would be shown in the village when, in October, 1336, Edward III. and his army passed through it, and again in 1410 when Sir Robert Ogle, seeking to dispossess his younger brother of his property, inherited in accordance with an entail made by his father, laid siege to the castle, finally carrying it by assault.

The sketch of the village is taken from a drawing by Mr. Robert Wood, of Newcastle.

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

## Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford.

The Rev. Richard Clayton, M.A.,

A POPULAR CLERGYMAN.



HE old chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr at the north end of Tyne Bridge, united by charter of James I. to another distinct institution, the hospital or eleemosynary house of St. Mary Magdalene, formed a convenient appendage to the Church in Newcastle, for its emoluments provided a welcome augmentation to the oftentimes inadequate stipends of the local clergy. Held under civic patronage, the office of master of the united foundations was usually filled, in conjunction with a lectureship or curacy—also in the gift of the municipal body—by a member of some well-known Newcastle family. Hence we find in the list of past masters the familiar names of Scott, Brandling, Ellison, Carr, Jenison, Bonner, Davison, Featherstonehaugh, Clayton, and Ridley. Few of these official personages rose to eminence in the Church; still fewer to notable positions outside their vocation. The most prominent man among them, Dr. Robert Jenison, made his mark at the beginning of the Puritan revolt by taking the Solemn League and Covenant, and administering it to his fellow-townsmen—a service which Parliament rewarded by bestowing upon him the vicarage of Newcastle. His successors, silver-tongued Cuthbert Sydenham, who converted Ambrose Barnes, and sturdy Samuel Hammond, "of the Congregational Judgment," were "intruders," appointed under the Commonwealth, and possessing no local influence or connections. As soon as Charles the Second came back the Corporation resumed the practice of giving the mastership to their own kith and kin, and with the same result.

When Dr. Henry Ridley became master in 1786, he found that the local clergy performed the clerical duties of St. Thomas's, and after a trial of the system he determined to make an important change. In May, 1808, he engaged a curate, the Rev. Robert Wasney, to perform

exclusively the ecclesiastical duties of the office. Mr. Wasney was a preacher of great gifts, and his appointment produced remarkable results. The old building, yielding to the exigencies of business across the bridge, had twice suffered curtailment, yet the accommodation provided had always been in excess of the public requirements. But after Mr. Wasney took possession of its pulpit the place proved inadequate to the needs of the congregation. After many negotiations, it was agreed that the Corporation should purchase the chapel, pull it down, and widen the thoroughfare, and that a new edifice for public worship should be erected in the Magdalene Fields at the Barras Bridge. While the details of the scheme were under discussion, Dr. Ridley died, and the mastership was given to the Rev. John Smith, vicar of Newcastle. Within a year of his appointment, Mr. Smith also died, and on the 26th of July, 1826, the office was conferred upon the Rev. Richard Clayton.

Mr. Clayton was a youthful scion of a family that for the better part of a century had been associated with

Academy, then at Harrow, and afterwards at University College, Oxford. Assisted by the influence and acting under the guidance of his brother, he entered with ardour into the scheme for the reconstruction of his chapel, and had the satisfaction of conducting it to a happy issue. In May, 1828, the erection of St. Thomas's Church, Barras Bridge, the elegant design of Mr. John Dobson, was formally begun; in October, 1829, Mr. Clayton laid the corner-stone, and a twelvemonth later the edifice was consecrated and opened for public worship.

With the completion of St. Thomas's, a new impulse was given to Church life in Newcastle. Mr. Wasney continued his ministrations as curate, and was as popular in the new building as he had been in the old. "His voice was clear, full, and sonorous, and after being a few times heard could strike terror or pour consolation into any heart; could warm the affections, please the fancy, and inform the judgment. He rose and fell with his subject; his eye flashed fire, or melted into tears; he stood like Moses over the broken tables of the law, wept like Jeremiah over the desolations of his country, or reasoned, like Paul, on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Mr. Clayton was a warm friend and admirer of his subordinate, and worked heartily with him. At first, no doubt, it was the eloquence of the curate that brought worshippers to the church; but after Mr.



*Rev. Richard Clayton.*

ecclesiastical and municipal life in Newcastle. His grandfather had been master of St. Thomas's Chapel before its amalgamation with the Mary Magdalene Hospital. At the time of his appointment, his father had but recently retired, after thirty-seven years' service, from the important position of Town Clerk of the borough, and his brother John, who still lives amongst us, venerable and venerated, had succeeded to the father's place and power. The new master was but a young man of twenty-four, but he had been well trained, first at Percy Street



*Rev. Robert Wasney.*

Wasney's decease it was the gifts of the master that drew them. Fluent in speech, and impressive in manner, the preaching of Mr. Clayton attracted a large congregation of intelligent and well-to-do citizens. Amiable and tolerant towards conscientious Nonconformity, he was by common consent placed at the head of religious and philanthropic movements in which Churchmen and Dissenters were able to co-operate. Thus there gradually grew up around him a large body of devoted friends,

both within and without the Church, who followed his lead in schemes of local benevolence, and strengthened his hands in the perils of ecclesiastical controversy. Of this latter element, engendered by the Tractarian movement, there was in Newcastle, as elsewhere, no lack. His natural disposition was averse to theological disputation but the clear and decided views which he held upon Church questions were firmly maintained and piously exemplified. Staunch and true to the old order of public worship, he set his face rigidly against "Puseyite innovations." A plain but hearty service, accompanied by congregational singing, and followed by fervent preaching, were the characteristics of Divine worship at St. Thomas's, and those who wanted "millinery and mummery," "posturing and Popery," by which alliterative designations the practices of High Churchmen were derided, might go elsewhere. In a little book about Jesmond Church, Councillor Cutter, whose father was for many years officially connected with St. Thomas's, tells us that—

Mr. Clayton was a sound Churchman, and, as the great festivals of the Church came round, there was always a special sermon suitable for the occasion; but all ritualism and high-churchism he had an utter contempt for. No clergyman professing Tractarian principles was ever invited to preach at St. Thomas's. When a stranger came to officiate, and asked, "Have you any chanting?" his usual reply was, "No, we don't like boys to sing it out for us here; we like to say it ourselves."

Mr. Clayton's career terminated while he was yet in his prime. He was called away, after a short illness, in October, 1856, at the age of fifty-four. The majority of his congregation, driven from St. Thomas's by the appointment of Vicar Moody as his successor, erected in Jesmond Road the handsome edifice which, whether called by its original designation, "The Clayton Memorial," or by its more modern appellation, "Jesmond Church," keeps his memory ever green. Over the vestry door, worshippers read the following inscription:—"This church, consecrated to the Glory of God, January 14th, 1861, was erected to the memory of the Rev. Richard Clayton, M.A., who was for 30 years Master of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, and the faithful minister of St. Thomas's Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He died 8th October, 1856, aged 54 years."

Our portrait of Mr. Clayton is from a painting by William Bonnar, R.S.A., and that of Mr. Wasney is copied from a picture in the possession of Mr. Councillor Cutter.

### William Cock,

JOURNALIST.

Upon the lists of residents in Newcastle the old name of Cock is no longer to be found. The families that bore it have died out, or have removed, or by euphonious transmutations have changed their patronymic into Cook and Cox. Once it was common in the town. Cock's Chare, near the site of the ancient Sand Gate, preserves

the memory of Alderman Ralph Cock, Mayor of Newcastle in 1634, and his four well-favoured and well-dowered daughters, known through all the country-side until their marriages into the knightly and worshipful families of Milbank, Davison, Marley, and Carr, as "Cock's canny binnies." In some of the fine old houses that face the Guildhall (in one of which lived Alderman Cock's father), and upon tombstones and monuments in St. Nicholas' Church, are still to be seen the arms of the family:—Azure, a plate between three cocks argent. But with the exception of the gifted journalist whose career is sketched below, no person bearing this old Newcastle name has come into prominence betwixt Tyne and Tweed since Alderman Ralph and his family departed.

William Cock was the eldest son of Joseph Cock, master mariner, who for the best part of half a century commanded one of the old "traders" that sailed, as regularly as wind and weather permitted, between Newcastle and London. He was born in 1805, and, after receiving the usual schooling, was apprenticed to Mrs. Hodgson, the printer and publisher of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. In the *Chronicle* office worked his uncle, Mr. Thomas Penman, after whom one of his younger brothers, Thomas Penman Cock (who died about twenty years ago a captain in the service of the Tyne Steam Shipping Company), had been named. Mr. Penman was—or shortly before had been—master printer of the *Chronicle*, and under his supervision the lad worked out his term. Among his fellow-apprentices were Michael Benson and John Selkirk, both well-known local men in after years, the former as a printer in the Side, and the latter as a reporter for the *Courant*; and, subsequently, in partnership with his brother James, as a general printer, and publisher of the "Newcastle Town Council Reports."

Soon after his apprenticeship expired, Mr. Cock emigrated to America, and obtained employment as a compositor in the office of the *New York Mirror*, edited by Theodore S. Fay, novelist, literary free-lance, and, later on, Secretary of Legation at Berlin. While there he developed a faculty for writing racy articles upon current topics, and, receiving encouragement from Mr. Fay, he became a regular contributor to the *Mirror*. Poems, tales, sketches, and essays flowed from his pen most of them marked by considerable humour, and many of them distinguished by a quaintness of thought and metaphor that attracted readers to the paper and brought troops of friends around the author. A collection of his lighter productions, published in two volumes by Mr. Fay under the title of "Crayon Sketches by an Amateur," had a large circulation in New York, and was popular all over the Northern States. He wrote, also, the libretto of an opera, founded upon Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Rokeby," for which Mr. Henry Berkeley, afterwards M.P. for Bristol, composed the music. The opera was performed



in the Park Theatre, New York, by a company composed of the leading artistes of the time, and was pronounced to be an unqualified success.

Mr. Cock returned to Newcastle in 1831, married a Miss Twizell, and settled down to a literary career among his friends and kindred. Welcomed back to the old *Chronicle* office in which he had been trained, he assumed the duties of assistant editor, retaining at the same time his connection with the New York press—the *Mirror*, the *Evening Post*, and the *Home Journal*. Some time in the year 1840, through the influence of Mr. Berkeley, he undertook the editorship of the *Bristol Mercury*, then the leading Liberal paper in the West of England. At Bristol, as in the States, his gifts were highly appreciated, and a prosperous career seemed to be opening out before him; but very soon after his settlement a series of domestic bereavements, almost unexampled in number and frequency, fell upon him, and cast darkening shadows over his life. In rapid succession he lost wife, father, mother, brothers, and children. These afflictions, acting upon a delicate constitution, hastened his own death, which occurred at Milton Villa, Lampblack Hill, Bristol on the 18th August, 1847. Two only of his children survived him, a son who died about fifteen years ago, and a daughter, now the wife of Mr. S. O. Watson, merchant, Newcastle.

#### Ralph Cole and Sir Nicholas Cole.

The founder of the family of Cole, of Newcastle and Brancepeth, was a flourishing tradesman in the straggling and struggling town of Gateshead at the close of the sixteenth century. Two of his four sons, Ralph Cole and Nicholas Cole, came over the water to Newcastle to push their fortunes, and were successful. Ralph died without leaving lawful issue; from Nicholas descended the two public men whose names stand at the head of this article.

Ralph Cole, second son of Nicholas, and grandson of the founder, was a Newcastle merchant-adventurer and hostman. His uncle Ralph had given to him, in 1617, Scots House and Gilbert Leazes, and like others of his race he had speculated successfully in commerce. Occupying, therefore, by virtue of his wealth, a considerable position at both ends of the Great Bridge of Tyne, the municipality of Newcastle admitted him into their select family council. In 1625, a few months after the accession of Charles I., they conferred upon him the freedom of the town and appointed him Sheriff; in 1633, shortly after the King returned from his coronation in Scotland, they elected him Mayor, and at the same time, to do him still further honour, they put his son Nicholas—who had married a Liddell of Ravensworth—into the Shrievalty. Three years before his mayoralty began, the owner of Scots House had bought from the Heaths the fertile lands of the dissolved hospital of Kepier; three years after his mayoralty ended, honourably ambitious to found a county

family, he had purchased, in trust for his son Nicholas, the feudal castle and rich domains of Brancepeth.

What manner of man Ralph Cole was at this time contemporary records tell. Passing through Newcastle in August, 1633, when he occupied the post of chief magistrate, three Norwich soldiers, beholding him in his robes of office, set him down in their diary as "fat and rich, vested in satin." Writing in April, 1638, the curate of Brancepeth, noting his conduct as a country squire, tells Bishop Cosin, "we like our new lord, Mr. Cole, for his liberalitie to the poore. Hee sent at Christmas 20s. for them, and other 20s. at Easter, and yesterday (the court being at Branspeth) hee gave mee 10s. to be distributed among them." Thus, in both pictures, we see him drawn as a right worshipful person—rich and portly in Newcastle, rich and generous at Brancepeth.

Both Ralph and Nicholas Cole were ardent Royalists, and, in the angry discussions that led up to civil war, they warmly supported the cause of the King. Triumphant over the Puritan party at Michaelmas, 1640, while the Scots were in possession of the town, Nicholas Cole was elected Mayor. Shortly after his election, the Scots, provoked by accumulating arrears of the contribution which Newcastle had promised to pay, put him and the aldermen into prison, and "kept them in the dark, allowing them nothing but bread and water." At length, when terms of peace had been arranged, the King rewarded the Mayor's loyalty and his father's devotion by creating him a baronet.

So well had Sir Nicholas Cole discharged the duties of his perilous office in the municipal year 1640-41 that, at the ensuing Mayor-choosing, he was re-elected. Again, when civil strife was deepening into deadly conflict, and a strong man was needed at the head of affairs in Newcastle—at Michaelmas, 1643, he was for the third time appointed to that high and responsible office. Thus it was his fate to be Mayor of Newcastle during some of the most memorable events in its history. He had ruled his fellow-citizens during the earlier occupation of the Scots, and now he was to advise and control them during the greater part of a protracted and bitter siege by the same invaders. Before the siege terminated he had handed over the reins of power to Sir John Marley, but he remained in the forefront of the struggle, and, next to Sir John, took the most prominent part in directing the town's proceedings. His name, with that of his father, his brother James, his father-in-law, Liddell, and his brother-in-law, Sir George Baker, is attached to that taunting correspondence with Lord Leven, the Scottish commander, which preceded the final assault and capture of the town.

Upon the Coles and their fellow Royalists in Newcastle the vengeance of Parliament swiftly descended. Sir Nicholas had been under its ban before, and apparently had received no great harm. On the 20th September, 1642, the House had passed a resolution ordering

that he as Mayor of Newcastle, his father-in-law, and three others should be sent for as delinquents. But now the order was more peremptory and more comprehensive:—

Tuesday, November 19, 1644.—Ordered that the Commissioners and Committee of Parliament residing in Newcastle do forthwith send up in safe custody, these delinquents following: *vide licet*, Sir Thomas Liddell, Baronet, Sir Nicholas Cole, Knight and Baronet, Mr. Ralph Cole, James Cole, Sheriff [brother of Sir Nicholas], Sir George Baker [and three-and-twenty more].

A few days later the House devoted the greater part of a sitting to the consideration of civic government and ecclesiastical promotion in Newcastle. Appointing a local committee to sequester the estates of local delinquents, they passed this stern resolution:—

Thursday, December 5, 1644. Resolved, &c. That Sir George Baker, Knight, Recorder, Sir Nicholas Cole, Baronet, Thomas Liddell, Baronet, Sir Francis Bowes, Knight, Ralph Cole, and Ralph Cock, Aldermen of that Town, James Cole, Sheriff, be displaced and removed from their offices and disabled and disfranchised; and, likewise, the rest of the Aldermen and other Officers there who have been in Rebellion against the Parliament, as they shall be presented to the House, be displaced and removed from their Offices.

By a subsequent order of Parliament, Ralph Cole was committed prisoner to London House, and James Cole and Sir George Baker to Southwark Compter. The name of Sir Nicholas Cole does not appear in the list, and his whereabouts, while his friends were in prison, is unknown. Ralph Cole, as appears by the journals of the House, compounded for his delinquency in July, 1646, paying £4,000 as a penalty, and his son James, the Sheriff, in August, paying a fine of £136 6s. 8d.; but to no proposal for treating with Sir Nicholas would the House listen. Within a couple of days of Ralph's compounding, a joint-committee of Lords and Commons drew up propositions to be sent to the King at Newcastle for "a safe and well-grounded peace," in which they made it a condition that certain persons—among them Sir Nicholas Cole and Sir John Marley—should have no pardon for their offences.

The resolution by which Parliament sanctioned the bargain with the elder Cole may be quoted for its interesting details:—

Thursday, July 9, 1646. Resolved, &c. That this House doth accept of the sum of four thousand pounds of Ralph Cole, late of Newcastle, Alderman, for a Fine for his Delinquency. His Offence is: Approving the sending of a Governor by the King to Newcastle; joining with the Earl of Newcastle; being a Commissioner of Array, bearing arms himself; arraying the Inhabitants of that town, and compelling them to carry Arms; Complying in the Taking away of the Lives of some, disfranchising others, burning and pulling down many houses, sinking Ships in the Harbour there, and other like Offences. His Estate, Seven Hundred Ninety-five Pounds for Fifteen Years; One hundred and Fifty Pounds per annum for One-and-twenty Years; Fifty Pounds per annum for Two Lives in a Colliery; and Two thousand Seven hundred and Seventy Pounds personal Estate. But of all which Estate there is issuing Forty-four Pounds Six Shillings Eight Pence per annum, for a Fee Farm Rent to the Crown, and Thirteen Pounds Three Shillings and Fourpence per annum for other Rents.

There are two other entries in the journals which appear to close the transaction:—

June 12, 1648.—That Mr. Ralph Cole do forthwith pay fifteen hundred pounds more, as part of his fine, for his composition, for the Relief of Newcastle, to Sir Arthur Hesilrige, Governor thereof: Then this House will refer it to the Committee at Goldsmiths' Hall to review [blank] Fine set upon him for his Delinquency.

May 22, 1649.—Sir Arthur Hesilrigg reports—An Act for pardoning the Delinquency of Ralph Cole, of Gateshead, in the County of Durham: Which was this Day read, and upon the question passed.

Ralph Cole died during the Protectorate, aged about seventy years. Sir Nicholas lived to see the Commonwealth fall and Charles II. come back to the throne; lived to recover and enjoy his forfeited honours. He does not appear to have taken an active part in public life after his restoration. The ardour of his early manhood had abated. He was even suspected of lukewarmness towards the re-established order of affairs. Guy Carleton, Dean of Durham, in a letter to the Government, dated October, 1664, accused him of sympathy with rebels and disaffected persons in the bishopric—meaning thereby those whom the Act of Uniformity and the Conventicle Act had driven into an attitude of hostility and resentment. Sir John Marley, too, his old comrade in arms, failing to persuade him to support Sir James Clavering for the mayoralty of Newcastle, at the election in 1665, scornfully wrote of him to Lord Chancellor Clarendon as "Sir Nic. Cole, who never comes to the town except to make disturbance." From which, and similar indications, it may be inferred that the Brancepeth baronet had become tolerant and forbearing in his old age, and was no longer prepared to follow his Royal master in the perilous paths of persecution and repression.

Sir Nicholas Cole died in December, 1668, leaving the baronetcy to his son Ralph, who, distinguishing himself by a love of the fine arts, and exercising a prodigal hospitality, seriously impoverished the family estate. Sir Ralph's second son, Nicholas, married to the only daughter of Sir Mark Milbanke, was admitted to the freedom of Newcastle in 1682, and became Mayor of the town in the municipal year 1686-7. During his term of office the great mace of the Corporation was ordered, and upon that imposing emblem of local dignity and power his name and arms still appear. He and his elder brother died before their father, and the title descended to his heir, also named Nicholas, who became the third baronet. By this time the greater part of the wealth which Ralph Cole, the Newcastle merchant and hostman, had accumulated, and the estates which the first Sir Nicholas had retrieved from forfeiture, had passed into other hands. At the death of Nicholas the third baronet in 1710, his brother Mark succeeded to a barren inheritance. He held the title for ten years, and dying a bachelor was buried at the expense of his cousin, Sir Ralph Milbanke.

## Newcastle Jesters.

**F**OOLS were not the exclusive possession of Kings and Queens, for we read that Counts, Cardinals, Barons, and even Bishops had their professional jesters. And the fashion of keeping buffoons passed from sovereigns and private individuals to corporations, who evidently considered the merry-maker a necessary part of their retinues.

The "cap-and-bells" seems to have figured pretty prominently in Newcastle-upon-Tyne during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for, on glancing through some extracts from the local municipal records for the years 1561-1650, I find that several persons are recorded as having been the wearers of the motley. We learn that at the same period Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, and many of the gentry, retained these personages to brighten up the hall and kitchen with their witty sayings and practical jokes. During King Charles's abode at Durham, Dicky Pearson, one of the bishop's fools, meeting the Earl of Pembroke richly and fantastically attired, accosted him as follows:—"I am the Bishop of Durham's fool: whose fool are you?" The Newcastle characters were indifferently called the "Mayor's Fool," the "Town's Fool," and "The Fool." Opinions differ as to whether these buffoons were employed to raise a laugh at their masters' expense, or whether they were half-witted fellows maintained at the expense of the Corporation. Brand thought that the Newcastle Corporation anciently kept fools, the same as were to be found in kings' palaces; but Alderman Hornby, in his MS. notes to Brand, controverts this opinion, and contends that the fools were idiots who were supported by the town authorities. It would appear that they were engaged to accompany the mayor and aldermen on public occasions, such as the proclamation of the Lammas and St. Luke's Fairs; and no doubt they were present at all the corporate feasts, but were especially brought into requisition at the seasons of Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas. It was an ancient custom for the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of the city, accompanied by numbers of the burgesses, to go every year to attend the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide at the Forth, where, forgetting their dignity, they joined the festive throng. These fairs lasted nine days, and were proclaimed on the Sandhill. One of the duties of the wearers of the "cap-and-bells" on such occasions was to go about with the magistrates, amusing the populace by their quaint and grotesque motions, their rude and sometimes over-personal jokes, and by the singing of immodest songs.

The following item is given in connection with these fairs:—"October, 1576. Paid for a pair of mittens to Edward Errington, fool, 4d.; paid for a horse to John Watson, the fool, for the riding of the fair with Mr. Mayor, 8d." Errington's death is thus entered in

St. John's Register:—"August, 1589, Edward Errington, the town's foole, buried the 23d day of August, died in the peste." From an earlier record it appears that a sum of money was in 1535 "paid to Edward Wood, draper, for cloth and cotton for the fools' coats." Afterwards we find the names of Allon, George Spence, Thos. Dodds, and Bartye Allyson enumerated as professors of mirth. Again, during the years 1622-50, a William Errington, fool, is mentioned. This second Errington died in 1650, and seems to have been the last of the profession.

Here are some further items:—Dec., 1561—Yellow and blue kersey for the making up of coats and caps; linen for shirts and ruffs; and shoes for the two fools, in preparation for the Christmas festivity. "October, 1566—Item paid for powllinge (cutting the hair) of Bartye Allyson the fool, this yeare, 16d." April, 1591—"Paide to George Fuster, surgant, for letting John Lawson, foole, bloud, 8d." In other years, there are charges for a new knife, a belt, two leather skins, two pockets, a dozen leather points for Lawson; also "a pair of hose and shoes for Thomas Dodds, 2s. 8d." Other articles of clothing are mentioned, such as red russet for their Easter costume, shirt bands, long coats; also petticoats, which seem to have formed part of the attire of fools. Among other entries are to be found charges for "brode clothe of a skie culler, to be John Lawson's breeches and jerkens, and skie culler carse to be stockings and caps for him." "For five yards of cheche cullered clothe to be a coate; nine yards of white cotton to be to him a petticoat, and a yard and a quarter of skie cullered carse for his stockings." Under charge for Lawson we find items for a pair of yellow stockings, and a reward for "runninge of arrandes aboute the townes business." In 1598, there are charges for "brode greene clothe at 8s. 6d. per yard, to make a coate for Thomas Doddes, the fool,"—"a yard and a quarter of red carse to garde yt, 5s. 10d., and for a yarde of cottan to make a petticoate to him." In 1599 Lawson is down for a "collered hatt." In 1622 we find John Pithy, chamberlain, is repaid for what he "disbursed for cloth and trimming, and making of Wm. Errington's coate, petticoate, and stockenges," and again so late as 1650 there is a charge for a "payre of shewes."

If the illuminations of the thirteenth century have done this strange personage justice, he was an object calculated to excite the pity and compassion of the spectators rather than their merriment. He bears the squalid appearance of a wretched idiot wrapped in a blanket, which scarcely covers his nakedness, holding in one hand a stick with an inflated bladder attached to it by a cord, which answered the purpose of a bauble. During the period of which I write, a fool's dress consisted of a motley coat, with a girdle, having bells at the skirt, and sometimes at the elbows. The breeches and hose fitted close to the body, the colour of each leg being different. The hood covered not only the head, but the shoulders, and was crowned by the

usual cock's-comb. Some jesters carried a staff with a fool's head at the end of it; others a staff from which was suspended a blown bladder with a few peas in it.

The most careful research has failed to unearth any document giving an account of the witty sayings (if any) of these fools.

CHAS. WM. F. GOSS.

### Bolton on the Aln.

**T**HE village of Bolton, or Boulton, so spelt in old records, has acquired some fame as being the place where the Earl of Surrey's army mustered before their final march to Flodden. It is distant about five miles from Alnwick, at which town the Earl was joined by his warlike son, the Lord Admiral. After a Council of War had been held, the army moved to Bolton. Their march was in a direct line over Alnwick Moor, past the Cloudy Crag. They descended what was known at that time as Aberwick Moor, and crossed the Aln by a ford of the same name, encamping in front of the village of Bolton upon ground in every way suited to the purpose. While the army lay here, it was joined by the Lancashire and West Riding men.

A black letter tract printed by Richard Fawkes, of St. Paul's Churchyard, some time between the years 1513 and 1530, places Bolton in Glendale, a mistake easily accounted for, as perhaps at that time the Vale of Whittingham was considered a part of Glendale. The tract referred to says:—"The v daye of Septembre his lordshyp in hys approchyng nyghe to the borders of Scotlande mustred at Bolton in Glendayll and lodged that nyght therein yt felde with all his armye. The nexte daye beyng the vi daye of Septembre the kynge of scottes sent to my sayd lor of Surrey a harolde of his called Ilaye, and demaunded if that my sayde Lorde wolde iustefye the message sent by the sayd pursevaunte ruge cros as is aforesayd sygnefyinge that if my lorde wolde so doo it was the thyng that mooste was to his Joye end comforte. To this demaunde my lord made answere afore dyuers lordes knyghtes and gentylme nyghe iij myles from the felde where ys the sayde harold was apstoynted to tary bycause he shulde nat vewe the armye that he commaunded nat oonly the sayde Ruge-cros to speke and shewe the seyde werdes of his message. But also gaue and comytted unto hym the same by Instruccyon sygned and subscribed with his owne hande."

This herald was quartered at a place called "The Mile," a farm house

standing in a commanding position near a range of the Cheviots named "The Ryle Hills." This place is quite three miles distant from Bolton, and a long way off the line of march that the English army took. There is little doubt that the Scottish herald had been met at Hedgley Ford on the Breamish, and conducted to "The Mile," where he was kept a prisoner until the return of Ruge Cros, who had been sent by the Earl of Surrey with a challenge of battle to the Scottish king. This ford is about three miles from Bolton, and there very likely a strong guard was posted. It is rather remarkable that the fields behind the village of Bolton still bears the name of "The Guards." The old road by which the army marched leads direct to Hedgley Ford, and no doubt guards were posted along the road to the ford. On the return of Ruge Cros, the Earl of Surrey divided his army. The Lord Admiral, with nine thousand men formed the vanguard; the Earl himself led the rearguard. "That Stanley might the vanguard wield" had been refused by the stern Earl.

But on that side the Earl of Surrey  
Was deaf, for why, he could not hear;  
For being moved by Stanley's glory,  
His rancour old then did appear.

Quoth he, "The King's place I supply,  
At pleasure mine each thing shall bide."  
Then on each captain he did cry,  
In presence to appear that tide.

Thus Stanley, stout, the last of all,  
Of the rereward the rule did wield;  
Which done, to Bolton in Glendale  
The total army took the field.

All Lancashire for the most part,  
The lusty Stanley stout did lead  
A flock of striplings, strong of heart,  
Brought up from babes with beef and bread.

A spot where such an event took place must be of interest to many at the present time. It will be seen from the accompanying sketch that what was called Bolton Moor at that time is beautiful in situation, as well as being in every respect adapted for the mustering





and encampment of a large force. Bolton Chapel stands close to the field where the host lay, and tradition says that the commanders and a number of the officers took communion in the chancel of the old chapel. Fortunately, the old chancel is left intact; the nave was re-built about forty years ago, and had a transept added to it.

Apart from the incident of Surrey's army being encamped there, the spot is extremely interesting. An ancient leper hospital stood in the ravine behind the chapel. It was surrounded partly by water and a morass. A few years ago, a very fine British urn was dug up close behind the chapel, when a grave was being made. I have heard of no relics being found on the ground where the army encamped; but coins, of various dates, have been found plentifully in fields adjoining the spot.

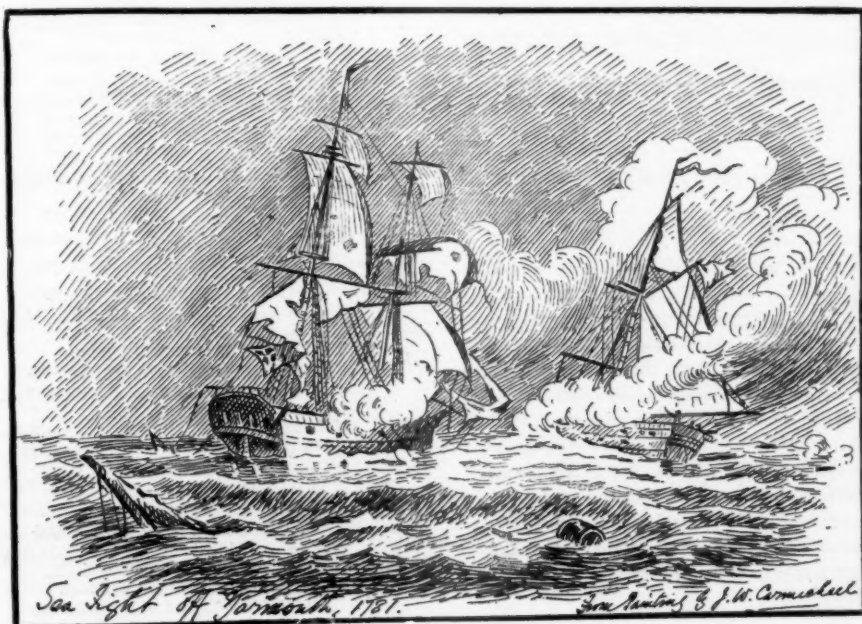
The old Aberwick ford, where the army crossed the Aln, lies further down the river than the bridge seen in the sketch. The old chapel is hidden by the trees on the right. I am indebted for the sketch to Mr. H. P. Taylor, of Shawdon. JAMES THOMSON.

### A Tyneside Hero.

**E**NGLAND in 1781 was in the throes of war with France, Spain, Holland, and the colonies of America. Threats of invasion greatly disturbed the equanimity of British statesmen. The enemies'

fleets were not only superior on the open seas, but also masters of the Channel and the North Sea, both of which were literally swarming with American and French privateers. Commerce was, in fact, almost at a standstill. The English fleet was helpless: the commanders thereof could only hope to keep the enemy at bay.

Local shipping was, of course, open to many and great dangers, and the *Newcastle Chronicle* of the period records instances of the capture of vessels bound for Shields by a noted privateer named Daniel Fall, who commanded the cutter *Fearnought*, of eighteen four-pounders. This redoubtable sea-wolf had experienced little difficulty with many of his captures; but when he attacked the *Alexander* and *Margaret*, of North Shields, commanded by David Bartleman, a native of Tyneside, he found a foeman worthy of his steel. Particulars of the engagement appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* at the time. From these it seems that the fight took place near the Floating Light off Yarmouth, and lasted three hours. The enemy was beaten back three times, but, returning the fourth time, accomplished his object. Captain Bartleman was severely wounded, while his mate was killed. The *Alexander* and *Margaret* was hulled in about thirty places, and so was compelled to strike her colours. Being ransomed, she was taken into Yarmouth, where the injuries of the brave captain received attention. Notwithstanding that the best medical assistance was obtained, he died from his wounds. The hero was accorded a public funeral at Yarmouth. A tombstone



Sea Fight off Yarmouth, 1781.

From *Newcastle Chronicle* & J. W. C. Mitchell.

erected to his memory in Yarmouth Churchyard bears the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
DAVID BARTLEMAN,  
Master of the brig Alexander and Margaret,  
of North Shields,  
Who, on the 31st of January, 1781, on the Norfolk Coast,  
With only 3 three-pounders, and ten men and boys,  
Nobly  
Defended himself against a Cutter,  
Carrying 18 four-pounders, and upwards of 100 men,  
Commanded by the notorious English Pirate,  
FALLS,  
And fairly beat him off.  
Two hours after, the Enemy came down upon him again.  
When totally disabled,  
His Mate, DANIEL MACAULEY, expiring with loss of blood,  
And himself dangerously wounded,  
He was obliged to strike and ransom.  
He brought his shattered vessel into Yarmouth,  
With more  
Than the Honours of a Conqueror;  
And died here, in consequence of his wounds,  
On the 14th of February following,  
In the 26th year of his age.  
To commemorate  
The Gallantry of his Son,  
The Bravery of his faithful Mate,  
And, at the same time, mark the infamy of a savage pirate,  
His afflicted father, ALEXANDER BARTLEMAN,  
Has ordered this stone to be erected over his  
Honourable Grave.

"Twas great;  
"His foe, though strong, was infamous,  
"The foe of human kind.  
"A manly indignation fired his breast.  
"Thank God, my son has done his duty."

This interesting memorial of a daring and heroic action is kept in preservation by the inhabitants of Yarmouth.

David Bartleman was a son of Alexander Bartleman, who, more than a century ago, carried on business as a shipowner and brewer at North Shields.

Mr. J. W. Carmichael painted a picture of the fight, which picture is now in the possession of a descendant of the Bartleman family, Alexander Bartleman Davidson, master mariner, of Newcastle.

## The North-Country Garland of Song.

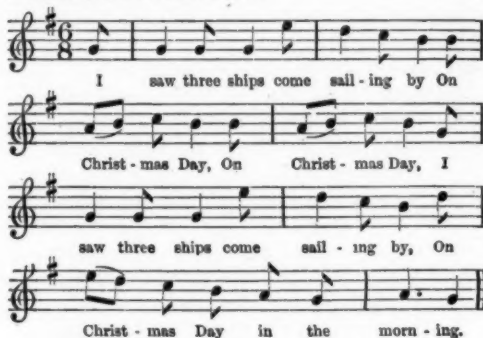
By John Stokoe.

### CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING.

**T**HE influence of the Scottish Kirk in restricting the celebration of Christmas festivities in the Border Counties has left our repertoire of carols, either religious or festive, very small indeed; and even those ditties that have been favourites in the North-Country appear equally popular in the South, and to be the common property of the English people.

The carol known as "Christmas Day in the Morning," after delighting the men and women of a bygone age at their social gatherings, has experienced the usual fate of a popular favourite, and has been relegated to the children of later generations as the melody of a popular round game.

There are many versions both of words and melody of this carol; but the tune we give below is the best known and most popular in the North.



And what was in those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
And what was in those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
And all the souls on earth shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice again,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
Then let us all rejoice again,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dr. Edward F. Rimbault, in his "Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes," first published about fifty years ago, gives the following words to the same melody:—

I saw three ships come sailing by,  
Sailing by, sailing by,  
I saw three ships come sailing by,  
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,  
In them then, in them then,  
And what do you think was in them then,  
On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,  
In them then, in them then,  
Three pretty girls were in them then,  
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,  
The other could play on the violin,  
Such joy there was at my wedding,  
On New Year's Day in the morning.

## Captain Wiggins.

**J**OSEPH WIGGINS, F.R.G.S., whose energy and enterprise have demonstrated that, through the supposed impenetrable ice-bound Arctic Seas there is, at a certain period of the year, a waterway, from which vessels can ascend large navigable rivers thousands of miles long, and penetrate into the very heart of Siberia, opening up an enormous and hitherto almost untouched field for western commerce, is a native of Norwich. His father, who bore the same name, was one of three brothers, all coach proprietors. They were the first to establish the system of running from Norwich to London, or from London to Norwich, in one day, which was considered at that time a remarkable achievement.

The future navigator went to sea at thirteen years of age, joining at Lynn a Sunderland sailing brig, belonging to his uncle, the late Mr. Joseph Potts, of Sunderland, builder, and trading to the Baltic and America. He was apprenticed to that gentleman for five years, and he made such good use of his oppor-



*Captain Wiggins.*

tunities that by the time his apprenticeship expired he was mate of the vessel. At twenty-one he was master of a Sunderland sailing vessel engaged in the Mediterranean trade. When steam became the order of the day, he passed an examination so that he became qualified to command a steam vessel. At the age of twenty-seven he got the command out of London of the largest steamer of that time, the *Victoria*,

of 4,000 tons burden. He had subsequently great experience in running steamers in the China, Atlantic, and other trades, finally commanding his own vessels in the Southern Seas.

Captain Wiggins afterwards retired from the sea, and took the Examinership of the Board of Trade for the port of Sunderland, his duties being to examine captains and mates of the merchant marine in navigation and seamanship; but this post he resigned in 1874, after he had held it for six years, in order that he might realise a wild dream, as it was then believed to be, of opening out by sea a commercial route to Siberia.

Chartering a vessel called the *Diana*, an Arctic yacht built for sporting, Captain Wiggins on the 3rd of June, 1874, proceeded direct to the North Cape and thence to Vardo. As early as the 24th of June, he passed into the Kara Sea; but that was too early, for he found an abundance of ice, yet he cruised all round and surveyed the land for eight weeks. Then he worked half-way up the Gulf of Obi, and assured himself that it was all open water. It was not his business to ascend the rivers, because he knew they were navigable, and that there were large vessels upon them to take passengers and merchandise up the country for two or three thousand miles. Having demonstrated the practicability of the sea route, he returned safely home, after exactly three months' absence. It was owing to this successful voyage, and to the principles thus laid down by Mr. Wiggins, that Professor Nordenskjöld was enabled in the following year to make his first voyage to the Yenesei, and ultimately his celebrated voyage along the Siberian coast and round Behring's Straits home.

But Wiggins could not afford to charter such a vessel as the *Diana* every time he went out. So for his next venture he purchased a little craft, a Yarmouth cutter, towards the fitting out of which one liberal gentleman, the late Mr. Edward Backhouse, of Sunderland, gave him £100. She was named the *Whim*, because, on taking her into the Wear to have her fitted, he overheard a conversation between a couple of seamen, one of whom explained to the other that this was "Captain Wiggins's whim." The *Whim* had the honour of going to the Kara Sea, but no further, for he could not attempt to ascend any of the rivers with her. But he had again demonstrated that that sea was open, and so he returned to England more hopeful than ever.

The third voyage was made with the *Thames*, which Captain Wiggins was enabled to purchase and fit out owing to a Russian gold mine-owner and another gentleman having each presented him with a thousand pounds towards the cost of his next expedition. She was built at Berwick, and sailed through the Kara Sea in the middle of July. Some detached ice blocks lay about, but there was nothing to mar her progress; and, entering the mouth of the Yenisei, Captain Wiggins carried the British

flag for the first time in the world's history up that river to Yeniseisk, a distance of upwards of 3,000 miles. At Yeniseisk he arrived one Sunday, when thousands of people flocked down to the river to watch the arrival of the strange vessel. From this voyage Captain Wiggins returned home at the beginning of 1889.

A fourth expedition was undertaken by the gallant navigator a few months later. Setting sail from the Thames on the 4th of August in a vessel called the *Labrador*, Captain Wiggins in due course again arrived at the mouth of the Yenisei. Here, however, he met with another misfortune. The river steamer he had expected there failed, for some reason or other, to put in an appearance. So, after remaining ten or twelve days, he landed a portion of the cargo of the *Labrador*, and once more sailed for England, reaching London about the 15th of October.

Thus ends for the present the intrepid attempt of Captain Wiggins to open commercial intercourse with Siberia by way of the Kara Sea.

---

## North-Country Fairies.

---

**T**HE oldest fairy tale in the world is believed to be the one written on papyrus by a Pharaonic scribe, for the edification of the young Egyptian Crown Prince, Seti Manephta, the son of Pharaoh Rameses Mi-amun, who ruled in Thebes fourteen hundred years before Christ, and at whose court Moses was educated. This curious papyrus was unfolded by a learned German in 1863, and a literal translation of its contents was read by him to a Berlin audience in the winter of that year—thirty-two centuries after it had been written.

A good-sized library would be required to contain all the rich fairy literature that the fertile human imagination has invented since the days of Moses and Aaron, Jannes and Jambres. Fickle fancy has no more pleasant field to revel in; but we must not allow her to roam to a distance here. We must stay at home and speak only of our own North-Country Fairies.

Brand, in his "Antiquities," under the heading "Fairy Mythology," had gathered together a mass of interesting items, but most of them are drawn from places more or less far away. All he says with regard to the "good people" in this part of the country is:—"I have made strict inquiries after fairies in the uncultivated wilds of Northumberland, but even there I could only meet with a man who said that he had seen *one that had seen fairies*." Truth is hard to come at in most cases. None, I believe, ever came nearer to it than I have done."

Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England," has likewise but few references to

the fairies of the two North-Eastern Counties. He tells us, indeed, of the Elf Stone, which "is described as sharp, and with many corners and points, so that, whichever way it falls, it inflicts a wound on the animal it touches." "Popular belief," he adds, "maintains that the elves received these stones from old fairies, who wore them as breast-pins at the fairy court, and that the old fairies received them in turn from mer-maidens." They are in reality flint arrow heads, fashioned by our ancestors in what is known as the Stone Age, and now familiar to all frequenters of local museums, where they may be seen of all shapes and sizes.

We are most of us familiar with those curious natural phenomena called Fairy Rings. Some attribute them to the growth of fungi, spreading from a centre; others think they are caused by lightning; but the vulgar opinion is that they are spots where the fairies have been dancing in a ring by moonlight, and have trodden down the grass with their tiny feet, for they are diminutive creatures, about the size of children five or six years old.

Friday is the witches' Sabbath, but Wednesday is the Sabbath of the fairies. Every Friday, however, the "good people" divert themselves with combing the beards of goats.

In the olden time, it was not uncommon for the kitchen wench in a farm-house to discover, when she rose with the sun or before it, that the floor had been clean swept, and every article of furniture put into its proper place, by some kind sleight-of-hand fairy during the night. These were the days when great part of this country-side was still in a state of nature—bogs undrained, fields unfenced, leys untilled, and the inhabitants almost as rude and untutored, in the schoolmaster's sense, as Zulus or Maoris. But now the servant girls get no such supernatural help, but must do the needful work themselves.

Formerly fairies were much addicted to stealing the most beautiful and witty children they came across, and leaving in their places such brats of their own as were prodigiously ugly and stupid, mischievously inclined, or of a peevish and fretful temper. These elfish imps were termed Changelings. Some will have it that the "good people" could only exchange these weakly ill-conditioned elves for the more robust children of Christian parents before baptism, and that they could not do so even then if a candle was always kept burning a night in the room where the infant lay.

The fairies used to be heard patting their butter on the slope of Pensher Hill, when people were passing in the dark. A man once heard one of them say, "Mend that peel!" Next day, going past again, he found a broken peel lying on the ground. So he took it up and mended it. The day after that, when going along the road with a cart, he saw a piece of bread lying on a stone at the root of the hedge, at the identical place, with nice-looking fresh-churned butter spread upon it; but he durst neither eat it himself nor give it to his horses. The consequence



was, that before he got to the top of the "lonnin," both his horses fell down dead. And thus was he condignly punished for his want of faith in the fairies' honour. We may observe that what is commonly known as Fairy Butter is a certain fungous excrescence sometimes found about the roots of old trees. After great rains, and in a particular state of putrefaction, it is reduced to a consistency which, together with its colour, makes it not unlike butter; hence its name. When met with inside houses it is reckoned lucky. Why so, we cannot tell.

There are several round green hills in Durham and Northumberland which were formerly supposed to be inhabited underground by the fairies. We have met with people who knew this to be a fact, because sometimes, in a fine still summer night, they have themselves lain down on these green hills, with their ears close to the ground, and have heard piping, fiddling, singing, and dancing going on far down in the interior. When questioned as to whether the sounds might not rather come from some neighbouring village or gipsy encampment, they would reply that that was quite impossible. "No, it was the fairies; everybody knew it was; hundreds had heard them; there could be no doubt it was the fairies." Indeed, almost every circular mound in the North must once have been thus inhabited, if all the tales be true. One such place is the site of the old fortress of the Conyers family at Bishopton, called the Castle Hill. Another is a remarkable tumulus between Eppleton and Hetton, consisting entirely of field stones gathered together. At the top of this is a little hollow, called the Fairies' Cradle, and there the fairies formerly used to dance to the music made on a peculiarly sweet toned pipe by a supernatural minstrel. Ritson speaks of some fairy hills at Billingham, and Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe tells us of a very famous one at Middleton-in-Teesdale, called the Tower Hill, close to Pountney Lane (originally Pont Tees Lane). A person informed Mr. Longstaffe that his grandmother frequently asserted that she had seen the fairies go from that hill to the Tees to wash themselves, and to wash their clothes also. Moreover, she once found a fairy, like unto a miniature girl, dressed in green, and with brilliant red eyes, composedly sitting on a small cheese-like stone near her house. She took this strange creature into the kitchen, set it by the fire, and gave it some bread and butter, with sugar on it, which it ate; but it cried so bitterly that she was obliged to carry it back to where she found it. She, however, kept the elfish stone, and it may be in existence until this day. The old woman preserved it most religiously, not suffering it to be touched, and always had it under the table in the pantry, for what purpose is not stated. Ritson deduces "Ferry Hill" from "Fairy Hill."

Near Marsden, in one of the limestone caves with which that neighbourhood abounds, is the Fairies' Kettle, a circular hole in the rock, about five feet deep, filled with pellucid salt water, the sea covering the place at spring

tides, and occasionally leaving a few little fishes in it, to swim gaily about in a fairy-like fashion, as in an aquarium of Nature's own forming.

While the Foul Fiend used to appear in the shape of a black dog, and his poor deluded hags, the witches, in that of a hare, the fairies were wont at times to assume that of a cat. The following tale is told confirmatory of this:—A Staindrop farmer was crossing a bridge at night, when a cat jumped out, stood right before him, looked him in the face earnestly, and at last, opening its mouth like Balaam's ass, said in articulate vernacular North-country speech:—

Johnny Reed! Johnny Reed!  
Tell Madam Mumfort  
'At Mally Diken's deed.

The farmer came home and told his wife what he had seen and heard, when up sprang their old black cat, which had been sitting cosily beside the fire, and, exclaiming, "Is she? Then aa mun off!" bolted out at the door and disappeared for ever. It was supposed that she was a fairy in disguise, and that she had gone to attend the funeral of a relative, through whose death she might have come in for some legacy.

At Chathill, near Alnwick, there was a large fairy ring, round which the children used to dance. But if they ran round it more than nine times, some evil, it was thought, was sure to befall them. So they would go the appointed number, but never more.

The Henhole, on the north side of the Cheviot, is a chasm in the midst of green slopes and heathy solitudes, so deep and narrow that the rays of the sun never enter, and a small patch of snow, called a "snow egg" is frequently to be seen at midsummer. Some hunters were one day chasing a roe, when they noticed issuing from the depths of the ravine the sweetest music they had ever heard. Forgetting the roe, which bounded away unheeded, they were impelled to enter to see who the musicians were, but they could never again find their way out. Only one who had been left behind, owing to his being worse mounted than the rest, hesitated when he reached the brink of the "hole," and came back to tell the tale.

A widow and her son, a wilful little fellow, in or near Rothley, in the parish of Hartburn, famed in the days of border "raids," were sitting alone in their solitary cottage, one winter evening, when the child refused to go to bed, because, as he averred, he was not sleepy. His mother told him that, if he would not go, the fairies would come to take him away. He laughed, however, and sat still by the fire, while his mother retired to rest. Soon a beautiful little figure, about the size of a child's doll, came down the wide chimney and alighted on the hearth. "What do they ca' thou?" asked the astonished boy. "My Ainsell," was the reply, "and what do they ca' thou?" "My Ainsell," retorted he, and no more questions were asked. Shortly they began to play together, like brother and sister. At length the fire grew

dim. The boy took up the poker to stir it, but in doing so a hot cinder accidentally fell on the foot of his strange playmate. The girl set up a terrific roar, and the boy flung down the tongs and bolted off to bed. Immediately the voice of the fairy mother was heard, asking "Who's done it?" "Oh, it was My Ainsell," screamed the girl. "Why, then," said the mother, "what's all the noise about? There's nyen to blame."

A cottager and his wife at Netherwiton, on the banks of the Font, were one day visited by a fairy and his spouse, with their young child, which they wished to leave in their charge. They agreed to take it for a certain period, after which it was to be reclaimed. The fairy woman gave them a box of ointment, with which to anoint the child's eyes; but they were not on any account themselves to use it, or some misfortune would befall them. For a long time they carefully avoided letting the least particle stick to their fingers; but, one day, when his wife was out, curiosity overcame prudence in the man's mind, and he anointed his eyes with the forbidden stuff, without any noticeable effect. But some short time after, when walking through Longhorsley Fair, he met the male fairy and accosted him. The elf started back in amazement, but, instantly guessing the truth, came forward and blew in the cottager's eyes. The effect was instantaneous. The poor man was struck stone blind. He was led home by some kind neighbours, but never recovered his sight. And the fairy child was never seen more.

A particularly clever midwife once flourished somewhere about Elsdon. A messenger on horseback came and called her out of bed one night, and told her that she must instantly rise and go with him to the place where he had hastily come from, a good distance off, where a lady, whose friends could afford to pay her handsomely, was in sore want of her attendance. She must, however, submit to be blindfolded, as the expected event was to be kept a secret. The man gave her something in hand, by way of earnest, and she consented to mount behind him on a pillion. Then fast, fast away they rode. Arrived at their destination, the howdie was introduced into the room where the lady lay, and the bandage was removed from her eyes. It was a very neat and comfortable place, but a place she had never been in before. After she had successfully performed her office, and relieved the mother as well as could be expected, the man got from an old crone who was sitting in the room a box of ointment, with which the midwife was told she must anoint the baby, but be careful not to let it touch her own person. She accordingly did as she was bid, having no mind to try any such experiments on herself, as she did not know of what the stuff consisted. But, feeling an itching in her eye, she put up her hand unconsciously, and now saw everything in a different light. Instead of a cosy room it was a wood she was in. There was a hollow moss-grown trunk instead of a fireplace. Glow-worms supplied the place of lamps, and the lady was evidently a fairy woman. But,

though mightily astonished, the midwife retained her self-possession, finished her task, was again blindfolded, got mounted behind her mysterious conductor, and arrived safely home, with a good heavy purse of fairy money in her pocket. One market-day soon after, she saw the old crone who had handed her the box, and had likewise been her pay-mistress, gliding from one basket to another, among the farmers' and hinds' wives, passing a little wooden scraper along the rolls of butter, and carefully collecting the particles thus purloined into a vessel hung by her side. After a mutual but silent recognition, the old elfin lady inquired, "What eye do you see me with?" "With the left eye," was the innocent answer. "Well, then, take that!" muttered the crone, as she startled her with a sudden, sharp puff. From that moment she was a one-eyed woman.

Another version of the story is that it was a certain country doctor who received the eye salve from his elfin conductor, and that, after he had anointed his eyes with it, he saw a splendid portico in the side of a steep hill, to which he was taken by his guide. He entered and found himself in a gorgeously furnished hall fit for a royal residence. On coming out, after performing his office, another box was put into his hands, and he was told to rub his eyes with its contents. He rubbed only one eye, however, and with it saw the hill in its natural shape, palace and portico having vanished. Thinking to cheat the devil, whom he concluded his conductor to be, he feigned to rub the other eye also, and then galloped off home. But, afterwards, seeing the fairy husband stealing corn in Morpeth market, he accosted him with the same melancholy result, losing for ever the sight of both eyes.

It was with tales like these that our grandmothers and great-grandmothers entertained their hopeful offspring.

## Football at Workington.

**F**OR grotesqueness and whimsicality, for "divarshon and divilment," for fragrant odours and filthy defilement, football at Workington, as I saw it on Easter Tuesday last, just "licks all creation." I have sailed over most of this small planet of ours, and can honestly say I have seen nothing like it, nor, indeed, anything approaching it. And each year it gets worse—or better, just according to whether you like such games or no.

It has many times been described, but each year there is some fresh incident in connection with it. I trust that, being a very ancient game, and played, as I think, in a manner altogether unique, the following description of it, though somewhat lame perhaps, may be found interesting. This is how I saw it, and how I have seen it on several successive years.

Something like seven or eight thousand people of all

ages and conditions in life are seen trampling, and shoving, and squeezing to look at the players up to their knees in the horrible filth of a beck not a dozen feet wide, and the whole of them rammed, and jammed, and twisted into one immense and apparently inextricable human knot, as though some mighty sea serpent had been cut up into six feet lengths and tied together, each component part of which was struggling to free itself from the general mass. Look at the smoke and steam ascending to heaven from this living human cauldron! Look at them, panting, struggling, twisting, tumbling, and striving! Too hoarse to shout, they can only eject their bare arms from that living mass, and wave them either to the east or the west to show in which direction they want the ball to go, whether, to use a local phrase, they are "Uppies" or "Downies." Ah, there it goes over the heads of the players, and lands right in the bosom of a decently-clad looker-on. Before he knows what's the matter he is overwhelmed with humanity, the ball is wrestled from him, and he himself is in the middle of the beck spluttering and struggling in two feet of water and ditto of mud.

Now the ball is back again in the same old spot, and once more the players tie themselves into a knot, and again the struggle commences. Look at the clothing of the players. Why, it is a mere mockery! One fellow has lost the biggest part of his trousers and the whole of his shirt, with the exception of one sleeve, which is kept in position by his paper collar; and another has scarcely that much left to cover him. Not one out of twenty has a whole garment about him, and what he has is completely saturated with filth from the beck into which the ball has got and doesn't seem likely to get out. Hullon! What's that, the football? No, it is simply the remains of a mud-begrimed shirt, that has been ripped off some fellow's back and flung high in the air. And there goes a hat, and then an old boot. And what's that going up now? Ah! "Up with her!" 'Tis the stiffened remains of a cat, and down she comes with a dull thud on the bare back of one of the players, who takes no notice whatever. Still the scrimmage goes on, and the awful knot makes no attempt to untie itself, for the ball is somewhere in the midst, and, although the stench is enough to put the pole-cat to shame, no one thinks of giving in.

Look there, now, at those half dozen men on the outskirts of the crowd! They look as though they had been dragged head first through a sewer a mile long; but there is not enough excitement for them in the scrimmage, it appears, for they have got out of it on purpose to have a fight. They go at it in the middle of the beck—whack, plump, splash! over they all go, under the water and into the mud—and, as they plough up the bottom of the beck with their noses, if it wasn't for the whisky that's in them the stench would surely kill them! "Hi up! look out there, here she comes! Turn round and run, missus; off you go,

or you'll be trampled to death!" "Up with her!" "Down with her!" "Yah!!" And with a frightful and prolonged war-whoop the whole seven or eight thousand begin a stampede towards the east. Look at that well-known and respectable citizen—Ha, ha, ha! he's just run foul of one of those black savages out of the beck, and, though he only embraced him for an instant, you might think he had fallen into a veritable mud-hopper. Good heavens! there's a child will be killed! No, he's just snatched up in time. "Go on, mister, what are yer stopping on?" "Here, just stop it, will yer?" "Curse yer mis—" "Oh my! let go my hair!" "Hi, look here, if—" "Bla—" "Mind yer bustle, missus—" "You just keep your hands to your—" "Go on, go on!" "Up with her!" "Down with her!" "Go back into the beck, you black devils, and fight it out there, where we can have a look at you without all this running and stamping and shoving and bother—"

Yes, as I was saying, this is a rather tame description of what may be seen at the Workington football play on Easter Tuesday.

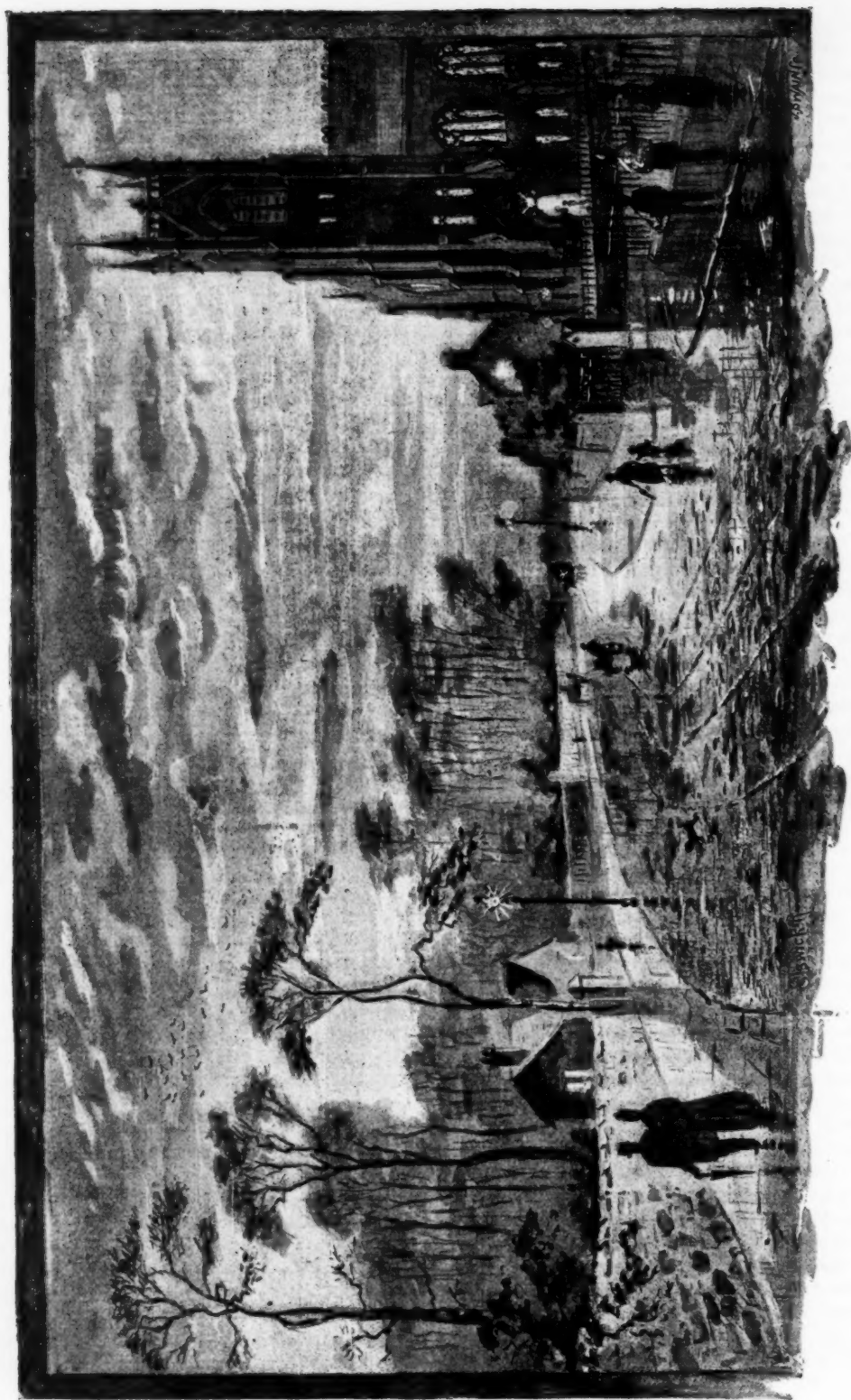
SERGEANT C. HALL.

## The Streets of Newcastle.

### The Elswick Road District.

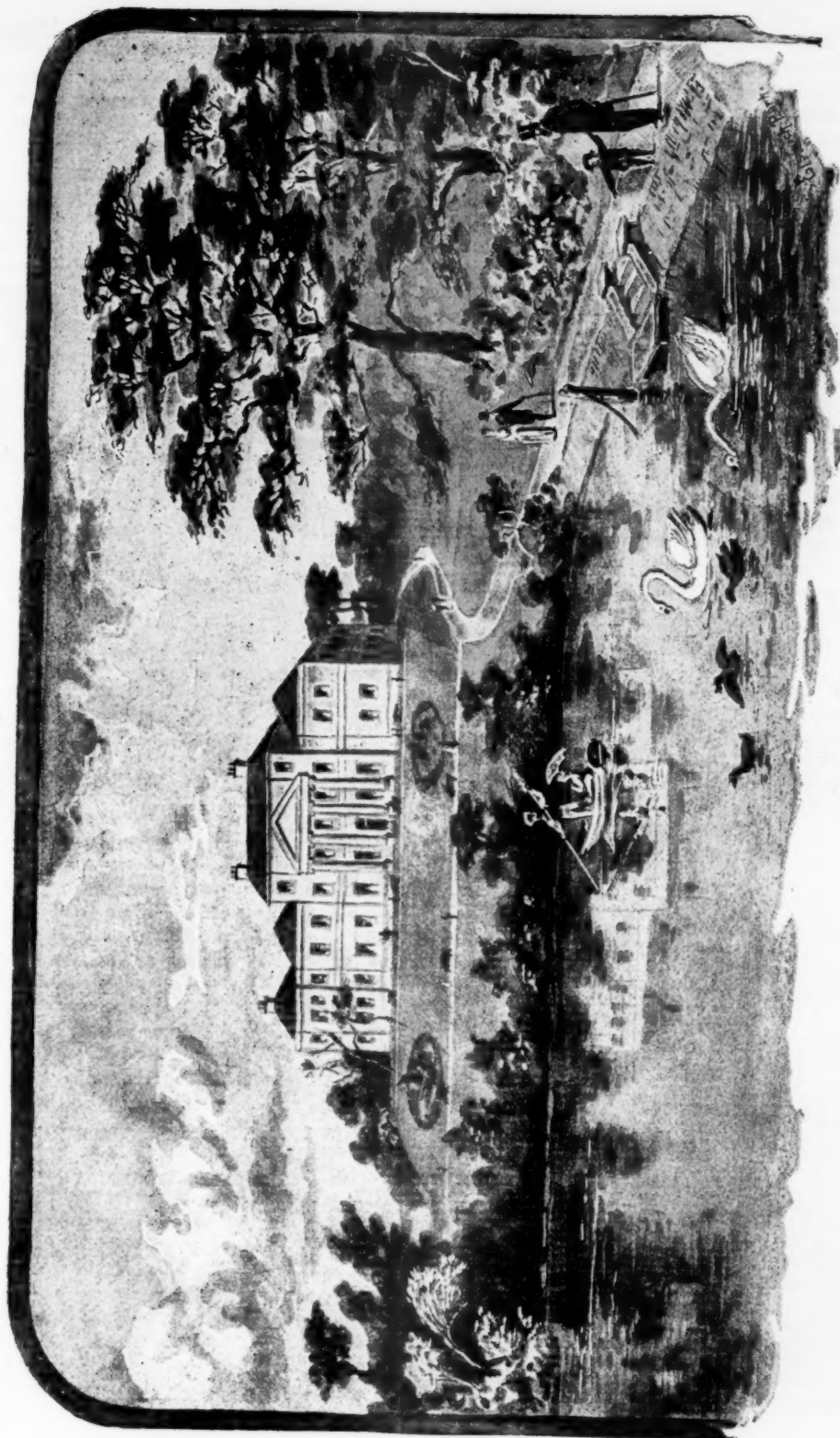
**E**LSWICK ROAD is an important thoroughfare of Newcastle, branching off to the left from the top of Westgate Hill, and proceeding in the direction of Benwell. We note on our right hand, at the junction, a cemetery, now disused for its original purpose. It was intended mainly for the interment of Nonconformists, and hence it was recorded of it that, "in this place there are no restrictions as to rites and ceremonies; these are left entirely to the pleasure of surviving friends." The ground was bought from the late Mr. John Hodgson-Hinde by a shareholding company, and covers an area of about three acres. The first interment took place on Sunday, October 18th, 1829, when the remains of Mrs. Joseph Angus were restored to their kindred earth. Of the monuments, one of the most striking is that erected in memory of the late Mr. Bruce, schoolmaster, the father of the venerable antiquary, Dr. Bruce. The remains of Eneas Mackenzie, one of the historians of Newcastle, are also buried here.

Across the way is a short street leading to St. Matthew's Church, erected on the site of the vicarage of St. Paul's. St. Paul's Church itself we shall see a little further on, in a street leading out of Elswick Road to the right. Away down the hill in Summerhill Grove is a building called the Priory (now in the hands of the Roman Catholic body), which is said to have been built by Cuthbert Rippon, Esq., of Stanhope Castle, who was



ELSWICK PARK ENTRANCE.





ELSWICK HALL.

elected the first member for Gateshead under the Reform Bill of 1832.

Passing York and Lancaster Streets, suggestive of the Wars of the Roses, we pause to look at a substantial stone building now used as a public-house. It is called *Adrianople*; the sign of the inn itself is the *Adrian's Head*. Probably these names have been given from the circumstance that the Roman Wall passed over the site of the building in the bygone days. Much of this wall was ploughed up towards the end of the last century. The neighbourhood was at one time a rather dangerous one. Thus, on the night of March 7, 1848, as one John Sinton, a miller, was on his road home, he was accosted by two women, "Are we on the right road to Hexham?" He paused to answer their question, when he was attacked by three men, who robbed him of £4 15s., a bunch of keys, and a gold ring. The daring thieves were never caught.

On the opposite side of the way, down the hill towards Westmoreland Terrace, is a building known as the Barber-Surgeons' Hall. Here the College of Practical Science had its early home, but the place is now utilised as the parish schools of St. Paul's. The Barber-Surgeons' Company dates back to the year 1442 at least. In 1671 they became the Barber-Surgeons and Wax and Tallow Chandlers' Company. They were stout Sabbatarians. No barber, apprentice, or servant was to shave on a Sunday, "neither within the town or without, by a mile's space." Some of the entries in their books are curious. For instance, here is a bill of fare for the members of the company, dated October 28, 1478, in the reign of Edward IV.:—"To two loins of veal, 8d.; two ditto of mutton, 8d.; one do. of beef, 4d.; two legs mutton, 2½d.; one pig, 6d.; one capon, 6d.; one rabbit, 2d.; one dozen pigeons, 7d.; one goose, 4d.; one gross eggs, 8½d.; two gallons wine, 1s. 4d.; eighteen gallons ale, 1s. 6d.; total, 7s. 6d." One hundred and twenty-four men dined off this bill of fare. Again, in the accounts for 1691, we read:—"Disburst about the man that was given the company for dissection," amount not stated. "April 6, 1711, four statues ordered to be bought, not to exceed fifteen pounds. April 9, 1711, a skeleton ordered to be bought in London, not to exceed six guineas. December 11, 1711, ordered by a full vote in the company, that perrywigg-making be from thenceforth accounted as a part and branch of the company. June 14, 1742, ordered that no brother shave John Robson till he pays what he owes to Robert Shafto."

We pass on, and find ourselves at the head of Rye Hill, a broad street running down to Scotswood Road, and made up of a row of tall houses, conspicuous amongst them being the Vicarage, now in the occupancy of the Rev. Canon Lloyd, Vicar of Newcastle. Opposite it stands the pretty church of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, which hospital, as every Northumbrian knows, stood originally in the Forth, and was for many

generations used for the purposes of the Royal Free Grammar School. The foundation stone of this modern structure was laid in 1856. Almshouses for the brethren were also erected at the same time. The church is in the Decorated style of architecture, and is adorned with a lofty and elegant spire. The almshouses are within the same ground. Here dwell the brethren of the charity. In Rye Hill itself resides the master of the hospital, the Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson. Behind the almshouses is St. Mary's School for Boys. In the immediate neighbourhood is the spacious new building in which the Royal Grammar School finds an appropriate home, and the foundation stone of which was laid by the late Lord Ravensworth.

There are many ecclesiastical buildings in this portion of Elswick Road and its neighbourhood. The Church of England, the Wesleyans, the Presbyterians, the Roman Catholics, and the Catholic and Apostolic Church founded by Edward Irving, of the "gift of tongues" fame, are all represented here; but we may walk on until we reach the modest little gate of the Elswick Park, opposite which, as seen in the annexed engraving, stands a handsome church of the Wesleyan body, built a few years ago. The town, and especially the people of Westgate and Elswick, have reason to be proud of Elswick Park. They very nearly lost it, though; for the omnivorous builder had his eye upon it, and the Corporation seemed indisposed to secure it. In this emergency some public-spirited gentlemen advanced the money, purchased the hall and grounds, and were content to hold them until an arrangement could be come to with the Town Council, which was eventually done. A drinking-fountain in the park records the names of these benefactors:—Joseph Cowen, William Haswell Stephenson, Thomas Gray, William Smith, and Thomas Forster.

Let us look at Elswick Hall for a minute or two. Fifty years ago it was a country residence. It was enclosed in a wide extent of ground, well planted, and laid out in walks. The house was surrounded by trees, and so could only be seen from the river or from its opposite banks. The grounds extended from Elswick Lane to Scotswood Road. Adjoining the lodge gate at the latter place was a plantation, known by the name of Hodgson's Dene, through which a tiny brook ran down to the Tyne. The house is built of stone, with a front composed of four Ionic columns, and, originally, two wings. An additional wing seems to have been added at the western end later on. It was built about the beginning of the present century from designs by Mr. John Stokoe, of Newcastle, architect; the old village of Elswick, long the property of the Jenisons, being taken down to make way for it. Of old, this place belonged to the Priory of Tynemouth, which had much property in the locality. So far back as the year 1330 mention is made of the prior having collieries on his Elswick estate. The last of the Jenisons to own the

property was one Ralph, who was high sheriff of Northumberland in 1715, and who represented the county for many years in Parliament. He sold the estate to John Hodgson, Esq., whose grandson of the same name built the hall, and became the father of Richard Hodgson, member for Berwick and other places, and of that John Hodgson who was for a time one of the

members for Newcastle, and who was known far and near as John Hodgson-Hinde. Afterwards it became the residence of Richard Grainger, and then of Mr. Christian Allhusen, chemical manufacturer, who sold it, as we have seen, to the gentlemen whose names we have given above, and who in their turn transferred it to the Corporation for the purposes already indicated. Models of



the principal works executed by Lough and Noble, the sculptors, are now housed in the hall.

A few steps further bring us to Elswick Cemetery. The grounds are very prettily laid out, and in the pleasant summer time they have numerous visitors. Amongst other remains buried here are those of two Chinese sailors who died whilst their vessel was in the Tyne, and who were buried according to the rites of their own religion. Some handsome monuments adorn the cemetery. One of them, unveiled some time ago by Mr. Joseph Cowen, perpetuates the memory of the famous Tyneside orator, Charles Larkin. It was erected mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. John Kirton, an old friend of the eloquent tribune.

And now we have got to the end of our journey. Alas ! to many amongst us this will probably be in very truth our last. For the days will come upon us, sooner or later, when the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, and the pitcher be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern !

---

### The Pollard Worm.

---

**D**URING the dark ages that succeeded the departure of the Romans from Britain, great part of the island relapsed into a state of nature. The self-sown forest resumed its ancient domain ; the beavers multiplied and dammed up the rivers ; the low-lying lands were converted into bottomless quagmires ; and hideous reptiles and other wild creatures took up their abode where formerly men had dwelt. Enormous serpents, snakes, adders, or worms, according to legend, took possession, in all parts of the country, of congenial "sloughs of despond," from which they were wont to emerge daily or nightly to devour every living thing within their range, either fascinating them by their basilisk eye or poisoning them with their venomous breath. Of the popular belief in these monsters we have existing testimony in the names of places such as Wormbridge, Wormbrook, Wormsay, Wormley, Wormiston, Ormiston, Ormesby, Ormside, Ormskirk, &c. Legends connected with the pestiferous monsters, whom the much excited imagination of the people sometimes furnished with wings as well as feet, converting the "worms" into dragons, are current from Cornwall to Caithness, as may be seen in any good collection of British folk-lore.

The valley of the Wear above Durham was a favourite place of resort for the wild boar, as was likewise that of the Gaunless, or Garundlesse, about the Aucklands, Akelands, or Oaklands of the prince-bishops, long before the mortal remains of St. Cuthbert found their final earthly resting place on the hill denoted by the Dun Cow. The town of Bishop Auckland comprises in its eastern suburbs seven detached portions of the township

of Pollard's Lands, which is said to have acquired its name from the fact of a champion knight called Pollard, who had freed the neighbourhood from the ravages of "a beast men call a bore," having had as much land granted to him by one of the bishops as he could ride round while the grantor dined. The knight managed to compass a circuit enclosing nearly five hundred broad acres, lying on the east side of the Gaunless, so that he must either have ridden pretty fast, or the right reverend prelate must have tarried long at the table. The particulars of the fight with the boar have not been handed down to us by local tradition, but we may reasonably suppose them to have been similar in character to those recorded of "the fair Sir Eglamore" alluded to by Shakspeare in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

In after ages, the legend of the Pollard boar was changed into one of a serpent, a loathly congener of the Sockburn and Lambton Worms of the County Palatine of Durham, the Linton Worm in Teviotdale, and the worms which we may take for granted once infested the Worm's Head in Glamorganshire and the Great Orme's Head in Carnarvonshire. The reptile whom the ancestor of the Conyers family slew on the banks of the Tees has its effigies sculptured in marble on the family tomb in Sockburn parish church, and down to our own times the manor which the gallant knight got as his "guerison" or "guerdon" was held by the presentation to the prince-bishop, on his first entrance into the county, of a falchion, such as is said to have been used in killing "the worme, dragoun, or fierie serpent" which had for a long time "destroyed manne, woman, and childe" in the country round. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, page 518.) But with regard to the Pollard Worm tradition is by no means so clear. It is true that the tenure of the estate called Pollard's Dene was similar to that of the lordship of Sockburn, for the presentation speech ran as follows :— "My Lord, I, in behalf of myself, as well as several others, possessors of the Pollard's Lands, do humbly present your lordship with this falchion, at your first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, he slew of old a venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast, and by performing this service we hold our lands."

What is quite certain is that the family of Pollard was a very ancient one, and that its crest was an arm holding a falchion. Their possessions in the Auckland district were very considerable. Hutchinson informs us that they held of the bishop in soccage by the service of the falchion thirty-five acres of land in Coundon Moor, the Eland, the Hakes, and the Westfield, together with Birtley, Pollarden or Newfield, Innstallalley, Moreflatt, Gawnesflatt, Quynnyng Meadow, Edirley (Etherley), and a number of tenements in Bishop Auckland. Besides these possessions, they likewise owned a parcel of land called the Halgh (or Haugh), which was held of the Earl of Westmoreland. One of the family, Dionisia Pollard,



who died in 1402, is stated to have been seized of part at least of these properties. But the family became extinct in the fifteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (A.D. 1572-3), after which Pollard's Land passed through numerous different hands, and was moreover much divided; but the old form of service by the presentation of a falcion as soon as possible after the arrival of a new prince-bishop was still kept up in Hutchinson's time, that is, down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, if not later.

It is, perhaps, worth adding that the Pollards seem to have been a Devonshire family, originally hailing from King's Nympton, or Nymett, in the union of South Molton, North Devon, where the church contains a rich monument to one of them, Sir Lewis Pollard, Judge of the King's Bench, a younger son of whom, Captain Nicholas Pollard, accompanied the Earl of Essex to Ireland in the reign of Queen Bess, and had a grant of the castle and lands of Mayne, in the county of Westmeath, on which he or his successor built Castle Pollard.

## The Great Riot at Hexham, 1761.

**M**OST of the people in the North of England never took kindly to the Hanoverian dynasty, at least during the first half century of its rule. The popular songs were all Jacobite, and the health of "the King over the Water" was a favourite toast, even at gentlemen's tables, so long as the life of the last of the Stuarts continued to give some faint hope of a change of government. The term "Hanoverian" was commonly applied, even down to the present century, as a stigma of reproach. The first two Georges and all their surroundings were alike unpopular; and when George III. came to the throne, in 1760, the policy pursued in his name, under the influence of Lord Bute, created such dissatisfaction as to be really ominous of something like civil war. Fresh taxes, laid on to subsidise the war on the Continent, were felt to be a grievous burden; and the kingdom having been depleted of regular soldiers for what was considered profitless service abroad, the augmentation of the Militia force, needed to make up the deficiency, led to remonstrances from many different quarters, and eventuated, in Durham and Northumberland, in a popular movement, which, had it been joined and led by any of the gentry, might have produced a formidable insurrection.

From the "Annual Register" for 1761 and the local newspapers for that year, we are enabled to give a comprehensive account of the popular commotions that immedi-

ately preceded the Hexham Riot, an event ever memorable in the history of that town.

Towards the latter end of the month of February, 1761, a great deal of disturbance about the balloting for the militia took place in the Northern Counties. On Saturday, the 28th, the dissentients having got a paper printed which gave notice to all in general, that it was far from the hearts of any of them to be any ways inclined to be rebellious against his Majesty King George, but that they desired what common men desired, which was, that men of estates should hire men for the militia as they did formerly, assembled at Gateshead, in number about a thousand, and distributed the paper among the deputy-lieutenants, who were met there to ballot for a few vacancies in the East Division of Chester Ward. The gentlemen, to avoid mischief, agreed to excuse the people for that time, as only about a dozen recruits were wanted. The men—chiefly pitmen—thereupon went peaceably home, but declared that they would stand to their proposal as in their printed paper, should ever a general balloting happen again.

After this affair at Gateshead, the pitmen, waggonmen, husbandmen, and servants, in the county of Northumberland, conceiving that the Durham people had got exempt from the ballot by the demonstration they had made, assembled on Monday, the 2nd of March, in great numbers at Morpeth. Not meeting with such indulgence as they expected, they obliged the deputy-lieutenants and justices "to quit their duty for their own safety," no military force being at hand. The rioters then seized all the lists and books relative to the militia from the constables in whose keeping they were, and tore or burnt them before their eyes. The next day they went to Whittingham, twenty miles away, and acted in much the same manner. Flushed with such success and reinforced to near five thousand, they made a similar attempt at Hexham, but without the like success.

On Monday, the 9th of March, the deputy-lieutenants and justices of the peace acting for Tindale Ward held a meeting at Hexham for the purpose of receiving lists from the constables of the names of the persons in that ward liable to be balloted to serve in the militia, according to the new Act. And having been previously informed that a great number of persons were determined to oppose the intentions of the magistracy and defeat the purpose of the Government, they had a detachment of six companies from the two battalions of the North York Militia brought from Newcastle, where they were quartered, under the command of Major Crowe.

The militiamen, about 240 in number, were drawn up in the Market Place early in the morning, and formed three sides of a hollow square, the Town Hall forming the fourth. Notice was sent round the town by the bellman, desiring the inhabitants to keep within doors, as it was feared it might be found necessary to repel force by

force. All the avenues leading to the hall were seized, and no precaution was omitted for ensuring order. From ten till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, crowds kept pouring in, to the number of at least five thousand, chiefly miners, armed with clubs, staves, pistols, and other fire-arms. They hailed from Slaley, Corbridge, Bywell, Whittonstall, Prudhoe, Newburn, Fourstones, Newbrough, Haydon Bridge, Throckley, Chollerton, St. John Lee, Stamfordham, Hartburn, Simonburn, Blanchland, Walwick, Kirkheaton, Wall, Harlow Hill, Corsenside, and other places. Undeterred by the tumultuous assemblage, and confident in the military force at their back to keep the people in awe, the magistrates proceeded to business, and all the men who gave in their names and had petitions to present were conducted by an officer through the ranks, two at a time, and carried up to get a hearing. But their petitions were all deemed to be of a treasonable nature, as tending to obstruct the execution of the laws; for, though they professed duty and allegiance to the king, yet they declared, one and all, that they would not be ballotted for. The magistrates told them that they could not and would not dispense with the execution of the law, under which, however hard it might be, they were obliged, as justices, to act. And this reply having been communicated to the people outside, a terrible uproar arose. Horns were blown to collect reinforcements, and every accession to their numbers was received with loud huzzas. One of the men who blew the horns was apprehended at the instance of Lieutenant Allen, from whose diary we take the account; but the magistrates thought proper to release him, after taking his name and place of abode. This leniency only emboldened the rioters, who attributed it to the weakness of the authorities. "They continued," says Allen, "waving their monstrous sticks, clubs, and quarterstaves, in the most insolent manner, over the heads of our men, for by this time they had come within reach of our bayonets, with which our front rank stood charged."

The militiamen had borne these insults for upwards of three hours, "with the greatest coolness and moderation"; but although, at one o'clock or a little after, it was found absolutely necessary to read the Riot Act, the people did not disperse. Instead, they made a vigorous rush, broke in upon the soldiers, and one of the ringleaders seized the firelock of a member of Captain Blomberg's Company, turned it upon him, and shot him dead upon the spot. At the same time Ensign Hart (Mr. Joseph Hart, of Darlington) was shot by a pistol from one of the mob. The word of command to the soldiers was then given to fire, and the fire was general from right to left. What the effect was let Lieut. Allen say:—

The Grenadiers fired but once, which cleared our front, and in a minute's time there was scarce a man left but the dead and wounded. As soon as ever the smoke of the first fire had cleared away, and I saw that the resistance had ceased, I ran up and down the line to make the men give over

firing, for many random shots still continued, and the balls whistled by me, both on right and left; but, providentially, I received no harm. Thanks be to heaven, my endeavours met with immediate success, and I found Major Crowe and Captain Hill employed upon the same business. And now we had an opportunity of contemplating the bloody scene before us, twenty-four being left upon the spot, eighteen of whom were dead, and the rest dangerously wounded. This was a spectacle that hurt humanity, for, now all resistance was over, compassion took place. We seized upon all their clubs, but took no prisoners, because the gentlemen chose to have them apprehended in a regular way by afterwards issuing their peace warrants. Colonel Duncombe's detachment had one officer mortally wounded, one private killed upon the spot, and three wounded. The man who shot Mr. Hart was instantly dispatched, as was the other man who killed the soldier. We had not so much as a single officer or a soldier hurt, owing, I apprehend, to the care Captain Revely and I took in keeping our front clear, for whenever they attempted to press upon us, we made our men charge their bayonets, and Revely and I advanced at the same time and made them give way. So, finding no impression was to be made there, they altered their plan, and made their attack as before mentioned, which was foolish and desperate to the last degree.

The number of killed in this deplorable affair amounted to forty-five, and that of the wounded, more or less severely, is stated in Wright's "History of Hexham" to have been about three hundred. Several women and children were among the sufferers; for it is an unavoidable consequence of such proceedings that the innocent must suffer with the guilty.

Next day (Tuesday) was very wet, which, says Allen, was of service, as it washed the remains of the previous day out of the Market Place. There was no disturbance at all this day. All was quiet, and the only evidence of what had so lately happened was the funeral processions threading the streets, Ensign Hart and Private David Greenock being buried with military honours, and fourteen of the rioters being consigned to their last resting places in the course of the afternoon and evening.

The country round was at once placed under martial law. A considerable military force was stationed at Hexham during the ensuing summer, and parties of dragoons were almost daily engaged in visiting the neighbouring villages and hamlets in quest of concealed rioters, "skirring the country round," and inspiring terror wherever they went.

Several of the ringleaders were arrested and tried for high treason at the adjourned assizes, held at Newcastle, on the 17th August, before Sir Henry Bathurst, of the Common Bench, and Sir Richard Lloyd, of the Exchequer. Two of the unhappy men, named Peter Patterson and William Elder, were convicted and received the following sentence:—"To be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, on Wednesday, the 30th day of September next, and then and there severally hanged by the neck; to be severally cut down alive, and have their entrails taken out and burnt before their faces; to have their heads severed from their bodies, and their bodies afterwards severally divided into four quarters, and their heads and quarters

disposed of at his Majesty's pleasure." About a week subsequently, the High Sheriff of Northumberland received a respite for both the men to the 5th of October, on which day a communication was received from the Earl of Bute, to the effect that his Majesty in council, having taken the cases into consideration, had judged it necessary that, for the peace of Northumberland, an example should on this occasion be made, but that Elder, who appeared to be the least criminal of the two, would be respited till the further signification of the royal pleasure, while the law should be left to take its course with regard to Patterson.

On Monday, October 5th, accordingly, Peter Patterson was executed at Morpeth. He behaved, we are told, with becoming decency; but the disgusting terms of the sentence were rendered more horrible in his case than they need have been with better arrangements. For the noose of the rope gave way, and he fell to the ground before he was dead. The cart was then ordered back, and the man was hung a second time. Subsequently, his body was dismembered, his head being cut off, his heart taken out and thrown into a fire, and his four quarters cut across, but not severed. It is said when he fell to the ground, on the rope breaking, he exclaimed, "Innocent blood is ill to shed!" Patterson was a man about seventy-four years of age when he paid the penalty of his indiscretion, and he was supposed to have died worth between three and four thousand pounds, which, if the law was fulfilled literally, would of course be forfeited to the Crown.

### Mark Littlefair Howarth.

**F**EW men of his time were better known in Sunderland than Mark Littlefair Howarth, of whom we give a portrait, surrounded by the articles with which he used to illustrate his lectures on temperance.

About the year 1806, a handsome daughter of a family of the name of Littlefair, residing in Silver Street, Sunderland, fell in love with a private soldier named Howarth, belonging to the Royal Artillery, then quartered in the town. When the regiment moved to Woolwich, the girl found means to follow her lover thither. How she fared will be best understood from the words of her son, Mark Littlefair Howarth, which stand thus on a printed card dated 1862:—"Fifty-three years ago, a poor drunken soldier left his wife, who had a baby in arms, in the Barrack Square at Woolwich; and, being left in a state of destitution, she had to travel home to Sunderland the best way she could. Time and changes went on; the child grew up to manhood; he, alas! became a drunkard, and went on sadly, but was stopped in his course, and became a staunch

advocate of the temperance cause, and delivered a lecture in the Square of Woolwich Barracks, where he and his mother had been so abandoned." The date of Mark's birth was found by the register at Woolwich to have been on the 19th July, 1808. The boy was brought up in his grandmother's house at Sunderland, under the name of "Littlefair," as the cruel father's name was most unpopular with the family. The soldier met with the fate



of those who take the sword, and when Mark's sons were well grown they took their grandfather's name of Howarth from the marriage register at Woolwich.

A bottlemaker by trade, Mark eventually took up temperance advocacy. As a lecturer, he was in constant request. For many years the late Mr. Backhouse paid him a regular salary to act as temperance missionary and dispenser of his charities. Mark had a large set of anatomical diagrams painted, to show the drunkard "turned inside out," and an apparatus for extracting the alcohol from a bottle of beer. These never failed to draw a crowded house, the audience keenly appreciating the racy way in which he screwed up his "still" with the "prisoner" inside—secured by "the snips," as he facetiously termed it—and then showed the "prisoner" escaping as he set it on fire!

Few men have been privileged to live such a good and useful life as Mark Littlefair Howarth. Thousands of persons, under the influence of his eloquent appeals, took the pledge at his meetings; many outcasts were restored to their friends; and not a few prisoners were happily transformed into sober, industrious citizens.

During the latter part of his career, Mark lived very comfortably with his wife in a house he had purchased in Princess Street, a pleasant neighbourhood near Tunstall

Road, Sunderland. He died, however, at the residence of his son, Mr. T. L. Howarth, town councillor, where he had been removed for a change of air and a little careful nursing. He was in his 71st year. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of poor people who sincerely deplored the loss of their friend, benefactor, and teacher.

J. G. B.

### Rydal Water and Rydal Mount.

**R**YDAL WATER is situated in the very heart of what a prominent writer has called Wordsworthshire—the English Lake District. It is, perhaps, the smallest of the lakes proper, but it vies in beauty of surroundings with any of its larger rivals. Situated as it is close to the high road between Ambleside and Keswick, most visitors to the locality are satisfied with the view from the coach—charming enough there is no denying, but not to be compared with the combination of grandeur and picturesqueness to be seen from the opposite shore, where Nab Scar, clothed almost to the summit with foliage, dominates the scene, and distant glimpses of

Rydal Park and adjacent tree-clad hills form an attractive background. Nab Cottage, once the residence of Hartley Coleridge, nestles at the foot of Nab Scar—a humble residence, but the ideal of a poet's home.

Rydal Water is adorned with numerous islands, some of them mere rocks. One of the largest formerly contained a heronry, but the birds do not now nest there. This island would be, like many others in this and other lakes, mere rounded clumps, but for the two or three Scotch pines that, towering aloft like the masts of a frigate, impart an unwonted air of dignity to it. When the sun is gilding the adjoining heights with his glory, when the air is still and the surface of the lake is unruffled, then Rydal Water reflects every feature of nature like a mirror, a charming blending of mountain, wood, and water. The view from the foot of the lake is more extensive than the prospect from the south shore, the hills being at a greater distance, and belonging, if the term may be used, really to the neighbouring Grasmere. Loughrigg Fell, however, divides its honours between the two, though the more pleasing view of that eminence is from the head of Grasmere. The river Rothay, rising in the neighbourhood of Dunmail Raise, near the boundary line between Westmoreland and Cumberland, flows through both lakes, and, passing Ambleside, enters Windermere.

Not far from the foot of Rydal Water is Rydal Mount, once the residence of the poet Wordsworth. He removed



From Harper's Magazine.

RYDAL MOUNT.

Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.



to this house in the spring of 1813. The death of two of his children while residing at the Parsonage, Grasmere, had rendered it impossible for him to remain in a house so filled with sad memories. Writing to Lord Lonsdale in January, 1813, Wordsworth says:—"I have found it absolutely necessary that we should quit a place which, by recalling to our minds at every moment the losses we have sustained in the course of the last year, would grievously retard our progress towards that tranquillity which it is our duty to aim at." Rydal Mount becoming vacant soon afterwards, the poet removed thither, and it became his favourite and last abode. Wordsworth's house is shown in the drawing on page 560. It was well adapted to his slender means and simple requirements. Besides, congenial spirits were near at hand. Dr. Arnold was at Fox How, Ambleside; Christopher North resided in his cottage at Elleray, near Windermere; and Southey dwelt at Keswick. Hartley Coleridge was a close neighbour, and Thomas De Quincey a frequent guest. Wordsworth lived a retired life at Rydal Mount, and here he abode until his death, which took place on Tuesday, April 23, 1850. According to his oft-repeated request, he was buried in Grasmere Churchyard, where a simple stone marks his last resting place.



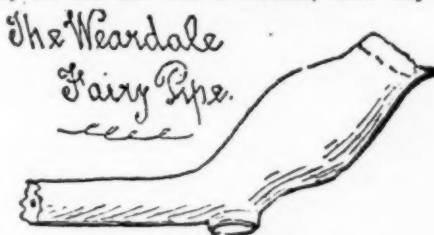
From Harper's Magazine.

Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## Fairy Pipes.

**F**AIRY pipes are not very large clay tobacco or smoking pipes of an old form. They are frequently turned up with the plough, and I have seen many of them turned up with the spade in gardens in Weardale. The shank generally appeared to have been broken, sometimes close to the bowl, and in no case have I seen complete pipes, but frequently with an inch or so of shank. Denham says they are also met with in Scotland, where they are



called "Pech pipes," and in Ireland, in the immediate localities of Danish forts, where they are called "Dane pipes."

The question has been asked how these pipes came to be known as fairy pipes, inasmuch as these fairies date back so many centuries, and, tobacco having only been introduced into England in the early part of the sixteenth century, smoking would not be general until a later period. There is, however, evidence that tobacco was very common more than 250 years ago, and that the belief in fairies held its ground to even little more than half a century back. The following, from the Proceedings of the House of Commons, was sent to *Notes and Queries* in 1877:—"Wednesday, Ap. 16, 1621.—Sir William Stroud moved that he would have tobacco banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any part, nor used amongst us; and Sir Grey Palmes said that if tobacco be not banished, it will overthrow one hundred thousand men in England, for now it is so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at plough."

Another contributor to the same periodical, speaking of the Irish pipes, says:—"It is strange that nearly all the 'ancient clays' are broken in stem or bowl; rarely can you meet with an entire bowl and an unshortened stem in the same specimen." The writer

then goes on to say:—"Some ten years ago I was living in a Shropshire parish that stretched along the ridge of Permian rock which looks down upon the valley of the Severn. There were in this place quarries of capital grey building stone. . . . As far as I could learn, one of the quarries had been last opened on the occasion of a cathedral (Worcester) restoration about 200 or 250 years ago, and, after the stone was obtained, the labourers, as usual, had filled in the quarry with the smaller stones and rubble quite up to the natural face of the rock. In 1865 this quarry was re-opened, in order to get out stone for building a school-house, when the workmen, on removing the old debris, clearing it away to the face of the original working, found, hewn out of the rock, a little niche, and on the ledge of it lay a small clay tobacco pipe, with, I was told, a heap of dust alongside it, which, we may suppose, was once tobacco: for it would seem that the poor Shropshire quarryman, now himself gone to dust, had, in his haste, unwittingly buried his soothing companion, and now here lay the fairy pipe, on the very spot where the owner had left it." The writer, having had the pipe in question brought to him, describes it as a "neat specimen, quite perfect, the shape of it corresponding to the earlier forms of pipes; and on the ample butt, made for the purpose of standing it on the table, bowl upwards, were the letters impressed, I.M."

Another correspondent, J. Henry, who had half a dozen specimens of these old clay pipes, only one of which was complete, refers to "the usual ornamental bordering round the edge of the bowl," and says, "the only remarkable circumstances connected with these pipes (his specimens) are that they were discovered whilst excavating upon the site of the old Lincoln's Inn Theatre."

W. M. EGGLESTONE, Stanhope.

\*\*\*

In the autumn of 1858, a ditch was being cleaned out at Langley Old Castle (Langley Old Hall), an interesting ruin near Witton Gilbert, and a few miles from Durham. The deposit was a black substance, called by the labourers "black earth," about four feet in thickness. The ditch had at one time been the moat of the castle. Here a number of "fairy pipes" were discovered. The shanks of the greater part were apparently broken off at about five or six inches, but a few were about eight or ten inches long. They bore the name "Henry Holt," and the date 1692.

JOHN ROWELL, Twizell.

\*\*\*

Near the little village of Humshaugh, North Tyne, on a farm owned and cultivated by the late Mrs. Colbeck, of Walwick Grange, is a conical hill called Fairy Hill. I recollect that, over forty years ago, when this field was being wrought for turnips, a considerable number of so-called fairy pipes were turned up by the plough. The stems were always broken off within an inch or two of the bowl. Since that time I have resided in

many different parts of South Northumberland, but have never heard of any fairy pipes being found in any other part of the county.

JAMES TURNBULL, Matfen.

\*\*\*

About thirty or forty years ago, we used to find pipes on the banks of the Wear, between the upper and lower walks at the foot of the Castle, near the steps at Framwellgate Bridge, Durham, about three or four hundred yards from the bridge. We called them "Roman pipes," and had very little trouble in scratching them out of the bankside.

GEORDIE HICKIE.

\*\*\*

I have in my possession some fairy pipes that were found in the River Tyne, at Low Elswick, about 12 years ago.

JOSEPH ROBERTSON, Newcastle.

\*\*\*

When the tower of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, fell in 1779, crushing a large portion of the ancient fabric, Dr. Whittaker a few days after made a singular discovery there. "He found embedded in the mortar several little smoking pipes like those used in the time of James I. for tobacco; which seems to show that before the consolations of tobacco had reached Englishmen, they inhaled the smoke of some other herb." Tobacco was first brought into England by Sir John Hawkins in 1565; and the abbey of Kirkstall had at that date been dissolved twenty-six years.

N. E. R., Herrington.

\*\*\*

I have a few pipes taken out of the ballast hill or heap that formerly existed at the north end of Beverley Terrace, Cullercoats. The bowls are two inches in height, with a butt and a thick stem. These pipes are very hard. The stems would appear to have been about four inches in length. One has no butt, the bowl gradually rounding off to the stem. The pipes from Cullercoats were all given me by resident fishermen of that place, and they called them "fairy pipes." I have heard it said that ships formerly loaded at Cullercoats, and probably discharged ballast there, which may account for the hill that existed.

HUGH R. RODDAM, North Shields.

## Hermitage Castle.



HE castle of Hermitage\* is situated in the north-western corner of that wild and desolate district known as Liddesdale. It stands close to the left bank of the Hermitage Water (a tributary of the Liddel), which owes its name to a hermit who built his lonely cell near it, and which has its rise in the mountains separating Dumfriesshire from Roxburghshire. The position in former times

\* A view of Hermitage, reproduced from the "Border Antiquities," forms the frontispiece to this volume.

was a strong one. On the south side the river afforded protection; and on the north, east, and west, a morass—the security being further increased by a triple moat fed from the stream. The castle is one of the largest in the south of Scotland, being one hundred feet square. There are, however, distinct evidences of its having been at one time a single square tower or peel similar to those which stud the whole of the Scottish Border, and to this tower, at a subsequent period, were added four large wings. It is singularly devoid of any attempt at carving or beauty of architecture, and Sir Walter Scott, commenting on this point, says: "The windows are few and narrow, and the whole building was obviously calculated for resistance rather than magnificence or accommodation." Liddesdale, being situated so near the Debateable Land, was the scene in former centuries of never ceasing turbulence and strife. The Border clans, more especially in this district, the Elliots and Armstrongs, were continually at feud, and the invasions of the English were frequent. Consequently, a castle built in the district would have the utmost strength as a primary quality, beauty and adornment being looked on as very minor considerations.

Although the outer walls are still in a good state of preservation, the interior is a complete ruin, but the windows, fireplaces, corbels, fragments of staircases, etc., help to give an idea of what it has formerly been.

Many of the great Norman barons who came over at the Conquest received and held lands not only under the English, but also under the Scottish king. Among these was Ranulph or Ralph de Soules. For services rendered to King David I., of Scotland, at the Battle of the Standard, in 1138, he received a grant of lands in Liddesdale, and it was during the lifetime of one of his descendants, Nicholas de Soules (or Soulis), that Hermitage Castle was probably built. This took place in the earlier part of the thirteenth century; for in the year 1244 the English prepared to invade Scotland, alleging, as one of their reasons, that the Scots had erected a castle "on the marches between Scotland and England, in the valley of the Liddel, which is called Hermitage."

The castle continued in possession of the Soulis for more than one hundred years, and it was of William, Lord Soulis, the sixth from Ranulph above mentioned, that so many legends and traditions were told. "He is represented as a tyrant, oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland." He was fierce, cruel, and unscrupulous; and tradition asserts that he was in league with the powers of darkness. Owing to his constant tyranny and oppression, frequent complaints were made to the king, who, at last growing weary of hearing them, pettishly exclaimed that they could boil him if they liked and "sup his broo." His hearers took the order literally, and, having captured Soulis, they boiled him on the Ninestane Rig (or Ridge), an offshoot from the range of hills which separates Teviotdale from Liddesdale.

The legend (for legend it is) was woven into a ballad by Dr. John Leyden, of which the last three verses are appended:—

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,  
On a circle of stones but barely nine;  
They heated it red and fiery hot,  
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.  
They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,  
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;  
They plunged him in the cauldron red,  
And melted him, lead and bones, and all.  
At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still  
The men of Liddesdale can show;  
And on the spot where they boiled the pot,  
The spreit and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.

The real fate of Lord Soulis seems to have been banishment and forfeiture of his estates for entering into a conspiracy against the person of Robert Bruce.

On the death of Bruce the country relapsed into lawlessness and disorder, and during the early years of his son David's reign, Hermitage Castle often changed hands—now being possessed by the English and now by the Scots, neither side retaining it very long at one time. On one occasion while it was in the hands of the English it was surprised and captured by Sir William Douglas, a knight who, from his great bravery, was called the "Flower of Chivalry." For his service he received a grant of Liddesdale and Hermitage Castle, and afterwards bore the title of "Knight of Liddesdale." It was during his ownership that the horrible crime of starving Sir Alexander Ramsay to death in its dungeon was committed.

Douglas and Ramsay had been close friends and companions in arms, and were both distinguished for their bravery; but when the king gave the sheriffdom of Roxburghshire to Ramsay, instead of, as was usually the case, to the holder of Hermitage, the jealousy of Douglas was aroused. In 1342 he seized Ramsay while fulfilling his duties at Hawick, dragged him off to his castle, thrust him into a dungeon, and starved him to death. The unhappy man is said to have subsisted for a considerable period on husks of corn which accidentally fell from the granary above.

The dungeon, which can still be seen, is a gruesome-looking aperture about twelve feet square, built in the thick wall of the castle. Towards the end of last century a mason engaged in some repairs broke an entrance and descended to its depths, from which he brought forth some bones, a sword, and bridle bit, which it is generally supposed were those of the unfortunate Ramsay. The king, as may be expected, was exceedingly wroth on hearing of this gross outrage, but so weak was his power that he was forced to give the sheriffdom to the cruel murderer.

In the year 1546 Douglas "was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, and is suspected of having obtained his liberty by entering into a treacherous league with the English monarch." For this he was attacked and slain shortly after, while

hunting in Ettrick Forest, by another William Douglas, a near relative of his own. The latter in turn received Hermitage Castle, and for several generations, indeed almost uninterruptedly till the end of the fifteenth century, it was retained by the Douglasses. During this period, too, it passed to a younger branch of the family—the house of Angus.

The Earl of Angus was unable to keep the wild Borderers at peace, and James IV., seeing the growth of power of the Douglasses, and fearing that it might some day be turned against himself, seized upon this as an excuse for forcing them to exchange the lands and castle of Hermitage for those of Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, in the valley of the Clyde.

James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, "a glorious rash and hazardous young man, yet as naughty a man as liveth, and much given to detestable vices," who was destined to become the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and who seemed to exercise a magnetic influence over that unfortunate woman, was created by her Lord Warden of the Marches. In 1566, while at Hermitage Castle endeavouring to quell disturbances, he had a desperate encounter with one of the Elliots, a notorious freebooter named Jock o' the Park. Bothwell was wounded in the fray: as a quaint old account tells:—"The said Johne persevand himself schot and the erle fallin, he geid to him quhair he lay and gaif him thrie woundis, ane in the bodie, ane in the heid, and ane in the hand, and my lord lay in a swoun quhill his servantes come and caryit him to the Hermitage." Mary, who was at Jedburgh, heard of this, and at once set out to visit him. The distance between the two places was about twenty miles, and the journey was lengthened by frequent deviations in order to escape from people hostile to her. The road lay between Greatmoor and Cauldcleuch Hills, and in a morass near the source of the Braidlee Burn, at the top of the slope which descends to Hermitage, Mary's white horse became embedded, and the place bears the name of "The Queen's Mire" to this day. On arriving at the castle she found Bothwell's wounds less severe than was at first supposed, and, again setting out she returned to Jedburgh the same day, thus riding between forty and fifty miles.

As students of history well know, Bothwell was forced some years after to fly the country, and he died while a prisoner in the castle of Dragsholm, in Denmark, in 1578. Professor Aytoun pictures the thoughts of the exile wandering back to his old home in the following beautiful lines:—

Oh, Hermitage by Liddel side,  
My old ancestral tower,  
Were I again but lord of thee,  
Nor owning half the power  
That in my days of reckless pride  
I held, but cast away,  
I would not leave thee, Border keep,  
Until my dying day.

Who owns thee now, fair Hermitage?  
Who sits within thy hall?  
What banner flutters in the breeze,  
Above that stately hall?  
Does yet the courtyard ring with tramp  
Of horses and of men?  
Do bay of hounds and bugle notes  
Sound merry from the glen?  
Or art thou, as thy master is,  
A rent and ruined pile?  
Once noble, but deserted now  
By all that is not vile.

The castle next became the possession of Francis, Earl of Bothwell, the nephew of James. He was a man after his uncle's stamp, and at the end of the sixteenth century he entered into conspiracy against King James VI. The plot was discovered, and Francis's lands and properties were forfeited. Hermitage then passed to the Scotts of Buzcleuch, in whose hands it has remained ever since. After this there are few references to it in contemporary documents, and incidents of historical interest attached to it almost totally cease.

W. E. WILSON.

## The Wagtails.



WAGTAILS constitute Macgillivray's nineteenth family of birds. They are closely allied to the larks on the one hand and to the chats on the other, and in their habits form a link, as it were, between these two families. The wagtails are slender of form, with straight, thin bills, long tails, moderately long and stout curved claws, and long, broad wings. Their favourite resorts are moist pastures and meadows, and the sides of purling brooks, ponds, and rivers, where the birds, more especially the pied wagtails, may be seen nimbly running among the stones and shingle, snapping up flies and small water beetles, the tail all the while working up and down as if it were endowed with perpetual motion.

The pied wagtail (*Motacilla Yarellii*), Mr. Hancock tells us, is "a common resident species," in the Northern Counties. In summer it is a "common object" on the banks of the larger streams, near which it often nests. It is, indeed, a familiar bird, and may often be seen feeding in farmyards among the poultry, and occasionally perching on the house-tops. It used to be plentiful about Lambert's Leap and Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, especially near the picturesque old water mill at the top of the dene. It was also common about the ponds on the Town Moor.

The birds pair in February; and commence their migratory movement to this country in March—for but few stay with us all the year round. In shape and plumage the pied wagtail looks like a small edition of the magpie. Its flight is light, undulating, but unsteady. It rises and falls alternately, renewing the motion of its wings at the pause of each descent. Its food consists chiefly of insects, which it searches for in very various localities—now among the stones and shingles of brooks, and again catch-



ing insects on the wing. Sometimes it may be seen running along the ridges of houses catching flies most deftly. The bird is also said to feed on minnows, the fry of small fish, and on tiny shell fish. The note is a sharp and brisk "cheep," repeated frequently when alarmed, at which time it flies fluttering about as if undecided what direction to take.

The length of the male is about seven and three-quarter inches. The bill is slender and deep black, and the iris of the eye dusky black, with a white speck over it.



Forehead and sides of the head white; back of the head on the crown deep black, with a glossy blue metallic tinge in summer, like the tint on the wing coverts of the magpie; neck, in front, white, as is a band on each side in summer; on its lower part is a semicircular band of black, narrowing upwards towards the base of the bill; in the spring, the interval is filled up with black; nape deep black; chin, throat, and breast white, the sides tinged with grey; back above, in summer, deep glossy bluish black, with sometimes an occasional tinge of green, somewhat like the "shot" feathers in the tail of the magpie. The wings extend nearly one foot, and reach to within two and a half inches of the long and mobile tail, which is black, the outside feathers being edged with white, and rounded at the end. The upper tail coverts are very long, of a deep black, with a glossy tinge in summer; the under tail coverts are white; the legs, toes, and claws are deep black, the hind claw being rather short. The female resembles the male, but the crescent on the fore part of the neck is not so large.

The pied wagtail, as most people know, is one of the birds in whose nest the cuckoo places its egg; and the greedy intruder is as carefully fed and reared by the old wagtails as if it were their own progeny.

The yellow wagtail, or Ray's wagtail (*Motacilla flava*),

is a spring and autumn migrant. In many parts of the country, especially where moist meadows abound, it is as plentiful as the familiar pied wagtail. According to Mr. Hancock, it was for a few years rather a common species



in Northumberland and Durham, "but of late it has become somewhat less plentiful." It seldom arrives here before the beginning of May, and it breeds freely amongst the meadow hay. When the grass is lying in swathes, yellow wagtails, along with many other kinds of birds, pipits, larks, mountain linnets, &c., may be seen feeding on the insects among the grass. Near the time of autumnal migration the birds flock in family parties, the old and the young of the year. The male in its nuptial plumage is a very handsome bird, and its bright golden and green feathers give it a look not unlike a canary. It averages about six and three-quarter inches in length, and the female is about the same length as the male.

The grey wagtail (*Motacilla boarula*) is also known as the winter wagtail. This bird, says Mr. Han-



cock, "is a resident species," but "the greater number migrate in winter." It has a wide geographical range over Southern and Central Europe; and it is also found in Madeira, Java, Sumatra, Japan, and in many parts of India. It occurs, but never plentifully, over the whole of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and its highest northern limit seems to be the Orkney Islands. In the neighbourhood of Newcastle, it often frequents Jesmond and Denton Denes. The male averages about eight inches in length, the tail being nearly as long as the body; but the female is rather slimmer and shorter than her mate.

The grey-headed wagtail (*Motacilla neglecta*) is a rare visitor in the Northern Counties, though it has occasionally been found nesting in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle. It was first distinguished from the common yellow wagtail by the naturalist Gould, who called



the bird *Motacilla neglecta*, under the belief that it had been neglected by the Continental writers. It is very like its relative, the yellow wagtail, in plumage and shape, the chief difference being that the head of the former is grey (as its common name implies), while the head plumage of the latter is green. The grey-headed wagtail, which is migratory, like most of the family, arrives in this country about the middle of April and departs again from September to October. The bird is active and graceful, and has all the habits peculiar to the family. It runs rapidly in the beds and margins of brooks, and often perches on trees. The male is about six and a half inches in length, while the female is about a quarter of an inch shorter.

### "Tommy on the Bridge."

**T**HE eccentric character whose portrait appears below is best known to the people of Newcastle and Gateshead by the sobriquet of "Tommy on the Bridge." Tommy, whose proper name is Thomas Ferns, now nearly or quite blind, has been for about forty years an orphan, his mother and father

dying before he had attained his fifth year. A paralysis of the nerves of the hands has prevented him from engaging in active employment, and for thirty years he has stood upon what is commonly known as the "Low



Bridge" (formerly Tyne Bridge, now the Swing Bridge), attracting notice by incessantly swaying his arms and body, and dependent for support upon a not too charitable public.

### Sir Thomas Riddell and Sir John Wesley.

**S**IR THOMAS RIDDELL was the head of an old and honourable family in the North of England, giving Sheriffs and Mayors and Parliamentary Burgesses to Newcastle from generation to generation. He himself had been Sheriff in 1601, Mayor in 1604 and 1616, and member in 1620 and 1627, in which latter year his brother Sir Peter was his colleague. Much trouble befell him after the Battle of Newburn, when the Scots occupied Newcastle and Gateshead. Wherefore he thus addresses King Charles:—"That being an inhabitant in Gateside, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Scots army, now of late, since their coming thither, have taken and disposed of all your petitioner's corn, as well that in his garners,

being a great quantity, as also his corn in the ground; and had spoiled and consumed all his hay, both of the last year and this year's growth; have taken and do keep possession of his two milnes of great value; have spent his grass, and spoiled many acres of his ground by making trenches in it; have wasted and disposed of his coals already wrought; have spoiled and broken his engines, and utterly drowned and destroyed the best part of his coal-mines; have banished his servants and overseer of his lands and coal-works; have plundered divers houses of your petitioner's tenants and servants, and taken and spoiled their goods, so that they are not able to pay your petitioner any rents, nor to do him any services. By all which, your petitioner is already damnified £1,500. And for all which premises the said Scots have not given any satisfaction to your petitioner nor his tenants; whereby your petitioner and his posterity are like to be ruined and undone (most of your petitioner's estate consisting in the said coal-erie), unless some present course be taken for your petitioner's relief. Your petitioner's humble request is, that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to take the premises into your gracious consideration, and of your wonted clemency to afford your petitioner such remedy as to your Highness's wisdom shall seem meet."

The ancient house of St. Edmund's, with its orchards and gardens, had become the seat of the Riddells after the Dissolution, and sorely felt the presence of the Scots under Lesley. The memorial of Sir Thomas hands down to us a picture of his industrial pursuits, with colliery and mills, and fields and granaries. But now, pleasant houses and lands lay waste around him. What local antiquary has not read the letter said to have been addressed to the troubled knight in 1644, when General Lesley was again waging war on the Tyne? It "found its way, first," says Surtees, "into a Newcastle newspaper." Copies of it got afloat, with various readings, its authenticity not unimpeached. The historian of the county palatine "suspected a waggish imposture." Shown to Ambler, a lawyer, Recorder of Durham, "a man of great wit and humour," he "sent a copy to the editor of a Newcastle paper"; or, rather, as the late Rev. Dr. Raine, of Durham, "had reason to believe," the learned humorist "was the writer" himself; "the humour it displays being of a high order, but there is more than enough of internal evidence to prove its modern origin." Slumbering unobserved until 1862, the "original letter" then turned up in the earliest volume of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, as may be found recorded in the "*Archæologia Æliana*," N.S., (vi. 156). The *Chronicle* had made its bow to the world on the 24th of March, 1764; and on the 16th of the ensuing month of June, when it was but three months old, an intimation was made to one of its correspondents, viz. :-

✠ The original letter, written at the siege of Newcastle by the general of the Scots army, is received: our thanks are due to the gentleman who favoured us with it, and the public may expect it next week.

Next week, accordingly, June 23, the letter was launched among the "Literary Articles" of the "Newcastle newspaper," and forthwith became famous in antiquarian circles, labouring, however, under the sore surmise of many of its readers that it was apocryphal. Here we reprint it, once more, just as it first stands in the file of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.:-

Sir JOHN LESLEY'S Letter to Sir THOMAS RIDDLE of Gateshead, upon the Siege of Newcastle by the Scots, in the Reign of Charles I.

SIR THOMAS,

**B**etween me and Gad it maks my heart bleed, to see the wark gae thro' sea trim a gairden as yours. I ha been twa times wi my cusin the general, and sae shall I sax times mare afore the wark gae that gate: But gin aw this be doun, Sir Thomas, ye maun mack the twenty punds throtty, and I maun hae the tagged tail'd trouper that stands in the stawe, and the little wee trim gaying thing that stands in the newk of the haw, chirping and chirming at the newn tide of the day, and forty bows of beer to saw the mains with awe.

And as I am a chivilier of fortin, and a limb of the house of Rothes, as the muckle main kist in Edinburgh auld kirk can well witness for these aught hundred years bygaine, nought shall scaith your house within or without, to the validone of a twa penny chicken.

I am your humble servant,

JOHN LESLEY,

Major general, and captin over sax score and twa men and some maire, crowner of Cumberland, Northumberland, Marryland, and Niddisdale, the Merce, Tiviotdale, and Fife; Bailie of Kirkadie, governor of Brunt Eland and the Bass, laird of Liberton, Tilly and Wooly, siller tacker of Stirling, constable of Leith, and Sir John Lesley, knight, to the bute of aw that.

Sir John Lesley is here made to describe himself as a pluralist of the first water—Captain, Coroner, and Constable—Laird, Bailie, and Governor—Major, "Siller Tacker," and Knight to boot. His craving for the courser in the stall, the cuckoo clock in the hall, and the corn in the garner, as "blackmail" for house and garden and field, is worthy of an old moostrooper. The comical communication is highly suggestive of a hoax; yet suggestive, also, of many an "ower-true tale" of the levies made in that bitter period—a period when, as appears by the records of the Gateshead Vestry, "the great new gate" was carried off to their quarters by the Scots; "which gate did hang at the entering into the Town Fields," and was only recovered by a ransom of fourteenpence! Town Fields, and gate by which they were entered, had little quarter from the Covenanters, who must often themselves, as well as the Gatesiders and their neighbours, have been reduced to severest straits.

Gateshead House, long the residence of the old Catholic family of the Riddells, whatever injuries it may have sustained during the Civil War of the seventeenth century, had still a lease of stately usefulness before it. But another crisis came in the Scottish Rebellion, when it was in the occupation of the Claverings of Callaly, a family-connection of the Riddells. The house was wrecked by a mob in the early morning of January 28, 1746, during the entrance of the Duke of Cumberland. Sykes thus records the occurrence :-

The family being from home, the house, chapel, &c.,

were left to the care of the gardener, whose name was Woodness. When the duke and his attendants were coming down, the mob being anxious to see them, several of them climbed upon the garden walls to have a better view, when the gardener, afraid of his master's property, let loose some dogs upon them, which bit several who were keelmen. Being exasperated, they attempted to catch the gardener, who, no doubt, would have fallen a victim to their rage. Finding the object of their fury had eluded them, they set fire to the mansion-house, &c.

The residential connection with Gateshead of one of our most ancient and worthy North-Country houses was then brought to a lamentable end. "The mansion," says Surtees, "has since been untenanted. Its remains stand to the east of the chapel, and still exhibit the ruins of a building in the high style of Elizabeth or James, with large bay windows, divided by stone mullions and transoms. A heavy stone gateway faces the street." This gateway, once leading to "trim garden" and pleasant hall, alone remains—removed back from the street—as a link with the olden time.

### Sir Daniel Gooch.

**S**IR DANIEL GOOCH, who died at Clewer Park, Windsor, on October 15, 1889, was one of the fathers of the railway system. He was born at Bedlington, Northumberland, in August, 1816, and was educated by the clergyman of a neighbouring parish.

The Bedlington Ironworks were begun in 1800 by Mr. Longridge, and the river Blyth supplied the motive power. These fine old works did good service in the early years of the century, and there, when Gooch was a lad of five years, the first malleable iron rails were rolled. The Longridges, the proprietors, were cousins to the Gooches, and with both families George Stephenson became intimate when visiting the district on colliery matters. In the Bedlington Ironworks much of the spare time of young Gooch was spent, and there he acquired his early liking for mechanics. When only sixteen, he went to the Tredegar Ironworks in Wales, passing through many departments, and increasing his knowledge of coal and iron and their applications. Thence, before he was twenty, he entered Stephenson's engineering works in Newcastle. In 1837 he endeavoured to begin large works at Gateshead; then entered into railway concerns, and was, after a short service on the Leeds and Manchester line, appointed, on Mr. Brunel's recommendation, locomotive superintendent of the Great Western Railway Company. That office he held for twenty-seven years.

As chairman of the Great Eastern Steamship Company—of which he was one of the original

shareholders—and through other associations, Mr. Gooch joined the promoters of the Atlantic Telegraph Company at a critical time in the history of Transatlantic telegraphy. Certainly the most romantic episode in the history of Mr. Gooch is that in connexion with the Atlantic cable. It has been well told by one intimately acquainted with the facts, and the story may be thus extracted:—

The Atlantic Telegraph Company, after many years of effort and ill-fortune, was, in 1864, almost despairing of ultimate success. It took six years to form the company—for it was no easy matter to find men to take up 358 shares of £1,000 each for an enterprise so bold and unprecedented as a cable beneath the unfathomable Atlantic; and when the shares were all allotted, disappointment after disappointment awaited the projectors. Six years more were spent in abortive attempts to lay a cable. After several entire failures, expectation was raised high when, in 1858, a message was sent from the New to the Old World, and hope was felt that the perseverance of the company was to meet with its reward. For twenty-five days a feeble whisper was maintained, and then came utter silence. The cable was an utter failure. The fortunes of the company were now at their lowest ebb; and it was not until 1864 that another attempt was made to carry out the project. Sir Daniel Gooch, having studied the question and arrived at the conclusion that the scheme was feasible, joined the promoters and gave all his energy to the task. It was to be carried out with the assistance of the Great Eastern Steamship Company and the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company. Sir Daniel was the chairman of the one and a director of the other,



THE LATE SIR DANIEL GOOCH, BART., C.E.

From Photograph by Hill and Saunders, Eton.



and as their representative he played a prominent part in the execution of the work. In July, 1865, the Great Eastern left the shores of Great Britain with a cable weighing more than four thousand tons. Sir Daniel Gooch, who had been on board the big ship in her first Atlantic voyage, again sailed in her, but the ill success that had attended the previous efforts had not yet departed. The new wire was as silent as its predecessor, and another £400,000 had vanished beneath the indigo waves of the Atlantic. Mr. Gooch was among the few who still had faith and hope, and they set to work to raise fresh capital. The Anglo-American Company was formed. Alterations were made in the Great Eastern, and in the short space of one year from the time the ship sailed away on her unsuccessful voyage she was again ready for sea. On the 1st of July, 1866, she steamed from the Nore, and on the 13th the eastern end of the cable was sunk at Valencia. Fourteen days later came the first communication from Newfoundland. The labour of years had been successfully terminated, and after a vast expenditure of money conversation between the nations of the two hemispheres had become as easy as between men across the street; the first grand link had been forged in the chain of lightning that was to girdle the earth. At that moment of triumph the first message was flashed across the ocean. It was from Daniel Gooch to Lord Stanley, and read as follows:—"Mr. Gooch has the pleasure to inform Lord Stanley that the Newfoundland shore end of the Atlantic cable was laid to-day, and the most perfect communication established between England and America. God grant it may be a lasting source of benefit to our country!"

Rewards came for so eminent a service; a baronetcy was conferred upon him; he was returned to Parliament;



and he was chosen chairman of the board of directors of the Great Western Railway.

In 1838, he married Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. H. Tanner, of Bishopwearmouth, who died in 1868; and, in 1870, he took as his second wife Emily, daughter of the late Mr. John Burder, of Norwood.

Although Sir Daniel Gooch left the North early in life, and resided mainly at Clewer Park, Windsor, he did not forget his early association therewith. He had relatives in Northumberland; and through a brother he had obtained an interest in collieries in the Lintz Green district, so that business ties, as well as those of friendship, kept up his interest in the district of his boyhood.

---

### Phineas T. Barnum.

---

**F**ORTY years after he delivered his two lectures on the "Art of Money-Making," in the Town Hall, Newcastle (see page 475), Phineas Taylor Barnum, now in his seventy-ninth year, has brought over to England his "Greatest Show on Earth." This gigantic concern, which comprises 380 animals, and employ 1,200 showmen of various kinds, can only, owing to its enormous proportions, be exhibited in London. The greatest wonder of the show is the proprietor himself. Mr. Barnum was born at Bethel, Connecticut, United States in 1810, and began business at the early age of thirteen. In 1841, he purchased the American Museum, by which, in a few years, he amassed a fortune. Ten years later he managed the affairs of Jenny Lind during that celebrated vocalist's tour in America in 1851-2. In 1855, he engaged very largely in real and personal estate and manufacturing enterprises, but was unsuccessful, and became a bankrupt. After effecting a compromise with his creditors, he resumed the management of the American Museum. Being a man of energy and resource, he speedily retrieved his fortunes. Burnt out in 1865 and 1868, he then determined to relinquish the museum; but the instinct of the showman was too strong for him, and he re-entered the field with greater vigour than before. Mr. Barnum has crossed the Atlantic nearly forty different times, one of his earlier voyages being made to exhibit the well-known dwarf, General Tom Thumb, in England. It may be stated that Mr. Barnum regards the showman's life as an altogether higher mission than mere money-making. "Amuse the public by all means," he says, "but educate them, and help them to be better men and women at the same time."

---

## Notes and Commentaries.

### SIR JOHN FENWICK.

The reckless career of Sir John Fenwick, with its unhappy termination, is described in the paper by the late



James Clephan that appears on page 431. From an old engraving we have copied the accompanying portrait. The engraving bears no date beyond this inscription:—"Sir John Fenwick, beheaded on Tower Hill, 1697."

EDITOR.

### A PRINCE'S NURSE.

Madame Carette has just recently written a book about the Empress Eugénie, widow of the late Emperor of the French. Therein she makes mention of the English governess of Eugénie's son, known as the Prince Imperial. This governess was a North-Country woman. Miss Jane Shaw was a native of Gilling, near Richmond, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, in which village her father, Mr. Lawrence Shaw, was in business as a cartwright. When a little over twenty years of age she was in service in London, and was one of about a score of English girls sent over to Paris to be interviewed by the Empress Eugénie, who wanted a nurse for the Prince Imperial. Miss Shaw was selected for the post. The unsuccessful candidates were entertained in Paris for a week, and then

sent back to England with suitable souvenirs of their visit to the Empress. Miss Shaw subsequently married M. Thierry, an officer in the Cent Gardes, and secretary to the Emperor's private charities. After the fatal battle of Sedan, Madame Thierry was with the Empress in England, and is said by some to have been the lady who, on the return of the mourners from the Emperor's funeral, threw up the window at Camden Place and shouted, "Vive Napoléon Quatre!" The Prince, as is stated by Madame Carette, was devoted to his English nurse, and his kindness extended to her father, to whom the Prince sent, amongst other things, a valuable watch, and a case of birds shot by himself. The old gentleman, to the day of his death, never tired of showing the presents to curious visitors. Madame Thierry paid occasional visits to her native village, in some of which she was accompanied by her husband, whom the villagers regarded with considerable awe. The last occasion on which I remember seeing Madame Thierry at Gilling was about 1874. She and her husband ultimately settled on their estate in the South of France, where she died a few years ago.

JEAN SAVALEUR, West Hartlepool.

### CHARLES AVISON, ORGANIST.

A biography of Charles Avison, organist of St. Nicholas', Newcastle, and author of "An Essay on Musical Expression," appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1883 (p. 109).



A portrait in oils of the eminent musician is now in the possession of Mr. William J. Ions, the present organist of St. Nicholas' Cathedral. This portrait Mr. Ions has kindly given us permission to copy.

EDITOR.

THE SIDE, NEWCASTLE.

Two small and curious views of the Side were printed in Richardson's Table Book. One shows the ancient



thoroughfare as it appeared at the beginning of the present century, before the Corporation pulled down

the overhanging houses seen to the right of the picture. The other represents some of the fine old houses in the lower part of the Side, where the street in 1842, the date of Richardson's compilation, retained much of its early character. Most of these old places have now disappeared. Interesting as they may be to the antiquary and student of history (and their picturesque appearance has an indescribable charm for the artist), the buildings that remain in the Side, one of the busiest thoroughfares in Newcastle, are somewhat incongruous, surrounded as they are by imposing modern erections. It is to be feared that the time is not far distant when these

ancient structures must all succumb to the march of progress. Both views are here reprinted, as a supplement to the article and illustrations previously given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 311.

EDITOR.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

FRUITLESS KNOCKING.

As two young men were wending their way home the other Saturday night, both being rather under the influence of strong drink, one of them arrived at the door of his home. He knocked. Not receiving a reply, he knocked again. Failing to elicit any response, he turned round to his companion, and said :—"By Jove, Tommy, if thor's nobody in the hoose, they'll wonder whe's knocking !"

LUCK.

The conversation of a party of workmen in a bar at South Shields turned one night upon the luck of certain townsmen in hazardous speculations, when one of the company, to emphasize his opinion of a certain successful speculator, said : "Mr. — is the luckiest chap i' the world. He can de nowt wrang. Wey, if he wes te tumble owerboard oot iv a cobble into the Tyne, where another man wad be drooned, he'd cum up agyen aall reet wiv a salmon iv his hands !"

"TOMMY ON THE BRIDGE."

Last winter, a pitman paid a visit to the Sandhill, Newcastle, and, observing a waxworks show, paid his penny, and went in. The first object that confronted him was a waxwork representation of "Tommy on the Bridge," a well-known character, whose portrait and history appear on page 566. Being a little "foggy with the drink," the pitman imagined that he saw the real Tommy. He therefore said :—"Wey, Tommy, aa's weel pleased to see thoo's gotten an inside job. Heor's a penny." Having placed the coin in the hand of the figure, the pitman left. After having made a call or two, he went on to the Swing Bridge. Here he saw Tommy in his accustomed place. "Whaat !" he shouted, "oot aalready? Wey, ye must be daft te leave yon inside job for this caad yen !"

NED CORVAN AND THE BOTTLE.

The late Ned Corvan, a well-known Tyneside character, was induced to sign the pledge. Meeting a local philanthropist shortly afterwards, that worthy, who had heard of Ned's recent determination, joyfully exclaimed :—"Ah, Edward, aa's glad to hear ye've thraan away the bottle." "Aye, aa've thraan it away, sor," replied Corvan; "but it hed nowt in't !"

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

During a discussion on Scriptural subjects in a Durham hostelry, the following conversation is said to have taken place :—"Aa say, Jacob, whaat myed Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" "Wey," said Jacob, "dissent thoo see, Geordie? Es Joseph hed a coloured coat on, they waddent allow him te gan into the boxes !"

## THE HARMONIUM.

As two miners near Bebside were going to work one night, a man happened to be playing a harmonium in his house. The miners stood and listened. At length one of them said, "Wey, Geordie, marra, the talligraph's shootin' hard the neet!"

---

### North-Country Obituaries.

---

Mr. George Henderson, one of the oldest natives of Chester-le-Street, who in his younger days was accounted a splendid "whip," died there on the 11th of October. The deceased, who was a blacksmith, but had retired from business, was 76 years of age.

Sergeant-Major John Breeze, of her Majesty's Body Guard, who when quite an infant was picked up at the mouth of the Tyne, in the year 1819, having been found lashed to a spar, and who took part in the famous charge of Balaclava, died on the 11th of October.

Mr. Dring, head of the ship-repairing firm of Messrs. Dring and Patterson, Hartlepool, and a member of the Hartlepool Town Council, died on the 14th of October, at the age of 62.

On the 14th of October, Mr. John Dent, shipowner, died, after a brief illness, at Blyth. Deceased, who was a native of Newcastle, served his apprenticeship as a sailor out of the port of Blyth, afterwards attaining the position of captain. Mr. Dent was 81 years of age.

Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., a native Bedlington, and a friend and contemporary of the Stephensons, died at Clewer Park, Windsor, on the 15th of October. (See ante, page 568.)

Mr. Peter McParlane, who had managed the post-office at East Jarrow for about 36 years, and who was a member of the Jarrow and South Shields School Boards, died on the 15th of October, in the 65th year of his age.

Mrs. Susanna Gibson, widow of Mr. George Tallentire Gibson, solicitor, died at her residence, Ellison Place, Newcastle, on the 17th of October, at the advanced age of 91 years. She was the possessor of considerable property at the east end of the city, and had lent valuable assistance in the prosecution of improvements in that district. Mrs. Gibson was for over fifty years a class-leader in the Brunswick Circuit of the Wesleyan community, and she was a liberal contributor to the funds of that denomination.

Mr. Thomas Henry Richardson, for many years secretary to the firm of Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., Middlesbrough, died at his residence, in that town, on the 20th of October, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 21st of October, Mr. Michael Young, a native of the county of Durham, and many years ago known as a prominent public man in the district, died very suddenly in London, at the age of 70 years. The deceased, formerly employed as clerk at the Bedlington Iron Works, left the North for the metropolis about 36 years ago.

On the 22nd of October, the death was announced, aged 64, of Mr. Michael Lowes, a well-known Tyneside agriculturist, of Farnley, Corbridge.

The death was announced on the 23rd of October, of

Mr. John Robson, of Healeyfield Farm, near Castleside, at the age of 82 years. The deceased had lived at the farm in question for fifty years, and was well known in Northumberland and Durham.

The death took place, at Summerville, Corbridge, on the 23rd of October, of Mr. Thomas Sheldon, who was formerly an inhabitant of Jarrow, and was one of the first aldermen of the borough.

On the 24th of October, the Rev. Jonathan Scurr, vicar of Ninebanks, Allendale, died in his 86th year. The deceased, whose father, the Rev. Thomas Scurr, was rector of Allendale for some years, had held the living of Ninebanks and Carshield for about forty years.

On the 25th of October, it was announced that Mr. John Buckham, who was for over fifty years a well-known tradesman at Alnwick, had just died at the house of his nephew at Glanton. Mr. Buckham was within a week of entering his 79th year.

A local paper of the 25th of October intimated that a few days previously there died in Manchester, where he had been long resident, Mr. William Wilson, a native of Tweedmouth, and youngest brother of the late Mr. John Mackay Wilson, editor of the "Tales of the Borders."

Mr. William Cochran Carr, of South Benwell House, Newcastle, died on the 26th of October, in the 74th year of his age. The deceased gentleman, who was a native of Blaydon, had for many years been associated with the coal and firebrick trades of Newcastle.

Captain Alfred C. Hill, manager of the Clay Lane Ironworks, South Bank, and late president of the Cleveland Institution of Engineers, died at his residence, Eston Junction, on the 27th of October, aged fifty-four years.

On the 27th of October, Dr. Mordey Douglas, who was well known in Sunderland both as a public man and a medical practitioner, died of consumption, at the residence of Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., Holme Les, Sunderland, after an illness of several years' standing, aged 48. Owing to his malady, he had been obliged to spend the autumns and winters in the Canary Islands, where he had established at Las Palmas an institution for invalids. Dr. Douglas was for seven years a member of the Sunderland Town Council, and took a very prominent part in all matters relating to sanitation. He was a nephew of the celebrated Dr. Mordey, J.P., who was for some time Mayor of Sunderland, and whose services in connection with the outbreak of cholera in Sunderland in 1831 and 1832 brought him the offer of knighthood and the appointment of surgeon-extra to William IV., both of which honours, however, he declined.

On the 28th day of October, the death was announced, in his 91st year, of Lord Teynham, one of the oldest members of the House of Lords, and who, about thirty years ago, paid several visits to Newcastle, and addressed public meetings in furtherance of the political programme of the Northern Reform Union.

On the 31st of October, the death was announced of Major-General Sir George Hutt, K.C.B., who served through the Scinde-Afghan campaigns of 1839-44, and subsequently held an artillery command in the Persian war in 1857. The deceased was a brother of the late Sir William Hutt, long member for the borough of Gateshead.

On the 29th of October, Dr. Henry Ridley Dale, who for some time was professionally engaged in Sunderland, and held the position of medical officer for Sunderland parish, died at the residence of his twin-brother, Mr.



Hilton Dale, Bellsiz Park, London. The deceased gentleman was only 33 years of age.

On the 6th of November, the death was announced, at the age of 50 years, of Mr. John McCallum, formerly connected with commercial business on the Quayside, Newcastle, and long an active and zealous worker in connection with the Brunswick Place and Jesmond Wesleyan Chapels in that city.

On the 6th of November, the remains of Mr. Matthew Ellerington, watchmaker and jeweller, of Corbridge, were interred in the cemetery of that village. The deceased was connected with nearly all the public enterprises of the town, and was also the author of a "Guide to Corbridge."

On the 8th of November, the death was reported from Batley, of the Rev. George E. Young, a well-known and popular Wesleyan minister, who was born at Ryton in 1823. When quite a young man, he had preached in company with Timothy Hackworth, of locomotive fame.

"Robin Goodfellow," in the *Weekly Chronicle* of the 9th of November, announced the death, at Gateshead, of Mr. Christian Borries, the oldest Dane resident on Tyneside. The deceased was a member of the firm of Losh, Borries, and Co., corn merchants, Newcastle, and he was also Danish consul for a period of thirty years. Mr. Borries was married to a daughter of Thomas Wilson, author of the "Pitman's Pay."

## Record of Events.

### North-Country Occurrences.

#### OCTOBER.

11.—A serious boiler explosion took place on board the steam-wherry *Perseverance*, lying near the Swing Bridge in the river Tyne at Newcastle. Several pieces of the boiler were projected a considerable distance, parts falling in High Street, Gateshead, St. Nicholas' Churchyard, Lombard Street, and Dean Street, Newcastle. A piece about two tons weight was shot over the Exchange and Dean Street Railway Bridge. The wherry was sunk, but, strange to say, nobody was hurt.

—Dr. H. E. Armstrong, Medical Officer of Health, was elected president of the Society of Medical Officers.

12.—New Wesleyan Sunday Schools were opened at Matfen.

—Ulgham estate, the property of the Earl of Carlisle, near Morpeth, was sold by private treaty, to Mr. James Joicey, M.P. The extent is 2,198 acres, and the annual rental £2,115. The Cottingwood estate, also the property of the Earl of Carlisle, in the township of Morpeth, and extending over upwards of 216 acres, with a rental of £240, was sold to Mr. J. B. Anderson, who had been born on the land, for £6,600. Other sections of the Northumbrian estates of his lordship were subsequently submitted for sale by public auction. The lots disposed of publicly and privately during the sales realised upwards of £205,000.

14.—Lord Herschell, ex-Lord Chancellor, addressed a public meeting at Durham, in connection with the Durham County Liberal Federation.

—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Alder-

man Plummer, of Newcastle, had been proved, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £45,000.

—An advance in wages of 2d. per day was offered to and accepted by the miners of Northumberland.

15.—The passenger train leaving Hexham shortly after 7 a.m. came into collision with a Glasgow goods train at Wark Station, and several passengers were injured.

—Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, addressed a political meeting in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland.

—At a chapter of the diocese (Roman Catholic) of Hexham and Newcastle, three names were selected to be forwarded to the Pope from whom to choose a successor to Dr. O'Callaghan, as bishop.

16.—A literary and historical club, under the title of the Stanley Club, was formed at Jarrow.

—The Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., ex-Secretary for Ireland, addressed a political meeting in the Town Hall, Durham.

18.—The inauguration of the third winter session of the Tyneside Geographical Society took place in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle when Mr. Charles Marvin delivered a lecture on "The Geographical Bearing of the Russian Advance," the chair being occupied by the



Sheriff, Mr. William Sutton. On the evening of the 20th, Mr. Marvin inaugurated the seventh session of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, by a lecture on "The Oil Wells of the World, and the Wonders that Spring from Them."

—At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Newcastle Royal Jubilee Exhibition, a statement was submitted, showing that, after all known liabilities had been satisfied, there remained in hand a balance of about £4,388.

—At a public meeting in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Newcastle, Sir B. C. Browne, Deputy-Mayor, presented a bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society to Henry Magnay, for his bravery in saving a boy named Joseph Lord, nine years of age, from drowning in the river Tyne, on the 3rd of August. On the 19th the Royal Humane Society awarded testimonials to Henry Buckland, aged 30, and Alfred Hunter, 28, for rescuing Henry Thompson and George Hall, two youths, whose boat was upset in Frenchman's Bay, South Shields, on the 24th of September.

19.—Considerable excitement and some rough conduct took place in the Constabulary Grounds, Newcastle, consequent on the failure of Miss Alma Beaumont to make one of her balloon ascents and a parachute descent. On the 27th of the month, however, Miss Beaumont successfully carried out the performance from the West End Football Grounds, Leazes, Newcastle. There was a large concourse of spectators.

20.—During a severe thunderstorm, three men were struck by lightning, at Waterhouses.

21.—An advance of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in wages was granted to the colliery mechanics of Northumberland.

—It was announced that the picturesque mansion of Denton Hall (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 135) had become the property of Dr. W. I. Anson.

—At the Newcastle Police Court, four workmen were fined 5s. each with costs, with the amount of damage, for having wilfully taken down the barrier in St. Mary's Place on the 25th of September, but the Bench expressed their willingness to grant a case for a higher court.

23.—A man named William Grant, 27 years of age, died very suddenly at Shotley Bridge from, as was afterwards ascertained, the effects of injuries received while playing at football.

—In the Town Hall, Newcastle, there was opened by Earl Percy a grand bazaar, in aid of the funds of the Northumberland Village Homes at Whitley. The amount realised by the bazaar, which extended over three days, was £2,100.

25.—A huge fish, measuring 7 feet in length, 8 feet from tip to tip of the fins, and weighing 60 stones, was found cast on the rocks at Craster, on the coast of Northumberland. Earl Percy, who examined it, expressed the opinion that it was a sun fish, while other naturalists considered that it belonged to the dolphin tribe. The finny monster was afterwards conveyed to Newcastle for exhibition.

26.—The first of a series of popular lectures was given at the new College of Science, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, by Professor F. Clowes, D.Sc., principal of University College, Nottingham, on "Colliery Explosions and Modern Means of Preventing Them," the chair being occupied by Principal Garnett.

—Mr. James Craig, M.P., was interviewed upon the eight hours question, at the Liberal Club, Newcastle, by a deputation representing the Newcastle Labour party.

27.—Hospital Sunday, for the nineteenth time, was held in Newcastle. The list of collections on behalf of

the medical charities was, on this occasion, headed by Jesmond Church with £97 17s. 8d. Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel came next with £80 1s. 7d.

—Mr. John Evan Hodgson, R.A., Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, lectured at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, on "Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds."



Professor Hodgson, who belongs to a Northumbrian family of that name, some of whom were at one time proprietors of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was born in London in 1831.

28.—As the result of a poll, Mr. J. D. Pickering was elected assistant-overseer of St. Nicholas' parish, Newcastle.

—At a meeting of the Cleveland mine-owners, held at Middlesbrough, Mr. David Dale presiding, it was agreed to advance the wages of the men 15 per cent., to take effect from the end of the week, and continue in force till the beginning of February.

—Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, ex-M.P., addressed a meeting of seamen at South Shields.

29.—Messrs. Storey and Gourley addressed their constituents at Sunderland.

—The ceremony of presenting a pastoral staff to Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, took place in Bishop Cosin's Library, Durham. The Earl of Durham, chairman of the general committee, made the presentation.

—A singular case of death from starvation formed the subject of a coroner's inquest in Newcastle. The deceased, a man named Jonathan Vickers, about 57 years of age, had occupied the upstairs flat of a house in Belgrave Terrace. He lived alone, and was of very reserved habits. Nothing having been seen or heard of him for some time, information was given to the police, who, on the 21st inst., called at the house, and, receiving no answer to their knock, broke open the door. The poor man was removed to the workhouse, where he only partook of a

little milk twice, and died on the 27th. At the inquest there was produced a remarkable letter which had been found in one of the rooms of the deceased's dwelling. It was addressed to the coroner, Mr. Theodore Hoyle, and commenced as follows:—"Bidding the world good night. Death from starvation. Last scene of all." The writer then went on to state that, to avoid giving trouble on the inquest, he certified that his death was due to the above cause alone. "I live," he said, "alone by myself, and not a soul enters my door, having neither wife, child, friends, or anything in the shape of such. In accordance, therefore, with the evidence thus given, and at my dying request, the verdict must be 'Death from starvation.'" This letter was dated the 10th of September, and there followed a note, without date, in which, remarking that "we are drawing towards the close of the nineteenth century," he said: "It is getting very late to hear of death from starvation. The reason simply is that the workhouse occupies in the present day the antiquated habits, manners, and customs of a bygone age. It is viewed, not as a refuge for distress, but a place of punishment, and of such a nature that it is to be questioned if some of the most atrocious criminals would not undergo any penalty to avoid the shocking stigma attached to the name of pauper—a stigma, in fact, which degrades those that enter the workhouse below the beasts of the field." Towards the close, Vickers said:—"I can write no more, as I am very weak from fasting—not had anything in the shape of a good substantial meal for upwards of a month." The jury, in accordance with the dying wish of the miserable man, returned a verdict to the effect that death had been caused by starvation. From a letter subsequently addressed to the newspapers, it appeared that Vickers had living many well-to-do relatives in and around Newcastle, and had himself been a tradesman in the city. One of his sisters or cousins was the first wife of the Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, the celebrated Wesleyan minister.

30.—At the final meeting of the Local General Committee in connection with the British Association, it was stated that the net cost of the late meeting, within a few pounds, was £3,455. The donations amounted to £1,730; and it was resolved to make a call upon the Guarantee Fund, which reached £2,680, to the extent of £66 13s. 4d. per cent. Votes of thanks were accorded to the local secretaries, Professors Merivale and Bedson, and to the Mayor.

—The shipyard wages question on the Tyne, Wear, Tees, and at Hartlepool was settled at Stockton-on-Tees: an advance of 5 per cent. on piece prices from January and a shilling per week in time wages having been accepted.

—In answer to a deputation of workmen who waited upon them, the directors of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company intimated their readiness to grant an immediate advance of 10 per cent. in wages, and to adopt the principle of an eight hours shift early in the ensuing spring. As the result of a second interview with the delegates of the workmen, however, the directors agreed to introduce the eight hours system on and from the 1st of January, 1899. This arrangement was accepted by the men.

31.—Hallowe'en was celebrated by an entertainment in the County Hotel, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club.

—A series of handsome parting gifts were presented to

Mr. Joseph Snowball, J.P., on the occasion of his retirement from the office of Commissioner to the Duke of Northumberland.

# NOVEMBER.

1.—In the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, it was announced that Mr. W. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Judge of the Newcastle County Court, had been elected an honorary member of the Dicky Bird Society, and a letter was published from his Honour, intimating his acceptance of the distinction.

—The annual municipal elections took place, the chief feature of interest in Newcastle being the contests in All Saints' North, All Saints' East, Byker, Elswick South, Elswick East, and Westgate South Wards, in each of which a working man candidate came forward. In every case, however, the representative of the labour party was defeated, all the old members who sought re-election being returned by large majorities. The election at Morpeth involved the reconstitution of the Council, four gentlemen being elected for three years, four for two years, and four for one year respectively.

—At an extraordinary general meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., a resolution was passed, authorising an increase in the capital of the company by the creation of 200,000 four per cent. preference shares of £5 each, 50,000 to be issued immediately, and another 50,000 if and when the directors might deem expedient. Lord Armstrong embraced the occasion to enter into a defence of the 110-ton gun, as to which some adverse reports had been published.

—The tramway and bus drivers, stablemen, and conductors employed at South Shields came out on strike for an advance of wages, which was conceded; but as there was a further dispute as to the removal of a blacksmith, a settlement was not effected. The services of some new men were obtained, and the traffic was resumed soon afterwards.

—Commissioned by Miss Robson, the lessee of the establishment, Mr. H. H. Emmerson, the eminent local artist, completed a series of painted canvases for the banqueting hall of the Crown Hotel, West Clayton Street, Newcastle. The subjects depicted were the old sport of hawking, the game of bowls, a hunting scene, and a scene at Fountains Abbey. The portraits in the pictures include likenesses of Sir M. W. Ridley, Dr. Cook, Colonel A. S. Palmer, Colonel Cowen, Mr. W. E. Adams, Mr. W. Sharp, Mr. J. B. Radcliffe, Dr. Adam Wilson, &c.

2.—The twelfth series of People's Concerts, under the auspices of the Corporation, was commenced in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A cooper named Cornelius Gray, 29 years of age, and living in Albion Row, Ouseburn, Newcastle, made a desperate attempt to murder his wife, Annie Gray, by stabbing her with a knife, and afterwards committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

—Mr. Henry Atkinson, a seafaring man, and a son of the late Dr. Atkinson, of Wylam, received severe injuries by being thrown from a horse on which he was riding near Stamfordham, and died next day.

3.—The well-known lecturer and author, Mr. Max O'Rell, lectured at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "The American at Home."

4.—Mr. John Morley, M.P., received a deputation in Newcastle from the Labour Electoral Organisation, with the view of eliciting his opinions on various questions affecting that body.

—Lord Northbrook was the principal speaker at a Liberal Unionist demonstration at West Hartlepool; and on the following evening he addressed a similar meeting at Stockton-on-Tees.

—An explosion took place in the "A" pit of Hebburn Colliery, the property of the Tyne Coal Company. Six men who were in the mine at the time were so severely burnt that they all afterwards died.

—Madame Albani was one of the artistes who sang at the annual Police Concert in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

5.—At a meeting of the West Hartlepool Town Council, Mr. John Pile, on the occasion of his golden wedding, was presented with a handsomely executed bust of himself, in recognition of his valued services in contributing to the commercial prosperity of West Hartlepool, and the recipient, in replying, presented the bust to the town.

—Earl Spencer visited Newcastle in his capacity of president of the Liberal Club, in the dining hall of which he was entertained to luncheon; and in the evening he addressed a great public meeting in the Town Hall, the chair being occupied by Mr. John Morley, M.P.

6.—Under the auspices of the Middlesbrough Liberal Club, of which he had been elected president, Mr. John Morley, M.P., addressed a political meeting in the Town Hall of that borough.

—Lord Bramwell spoke at a political meeting at North Shields.

9.—It being Hospital Saturday, collections were taken in the various manufactories and workshops on behalf of the medical charities of Newcastle and district.

—The elections of Mayor and other leading municipal officers took place throughout the North of England. In Newcastle, the gentleman chosen as chief-magistrate was Mr. Thomas Bell, who occupied the office of Sheriff during 1885-6. Mr. Edward Culley, who had been a member of the Council since the 19th of March, 1879, was appointed Sheriff. The retiring Mayor of Gateshead, Mr. Alderman John Lucas, was unanimously re-elected to that office.

10.—The total amount collected for the medical charities at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, on the occasion of Mayor's Sunday was £150, compared with £122 10s. 8d. last year.

### General Occurrences.

#### OCTOBER.

12.—The poll of the North Bucks election was declared, the result being as follows:—Captain Verney (Gladstonian), 4,855; the Hon. E. Hubbard (Conservative), 4,647; majority, 208.

16.—Lord Fitzgerald, Lord of Appeal in England, died in Dublin, at the age of 73.

—A telegram from Odessa announced the sinking of the Russian man-of-war, Nasr-ed-Din Shah, with all hands.

—A colliery explosion, whereby seventy-five men lost their lives, occurred at Mossfield Colliery, Longton, North Staffordshire.

19.—Mr. Stafford Allen, who worked with Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and others for the abolition of slavery in British dominions, died in London, aged 83.

—King Luis of Portugal died at Lisbon, at the age of 51.

24.—After much delay, caused by the difficulty of empanelling a jury, the trial of the prisoners charged with the murder of Dr. Cronin was commenced at Chicago.

—At Didsbury, a man named James Dwyer entered the local branch of the Union Bank, and, after having shot at and wounded the manager, helped himself to money from the till. He made his escape, but afterwards, finding he was in danger of being captured, shot himself.

25.—An election for a parliamentary representative took place at Brighton, the result being as follows:—Mr. Loder (Conservative), 7,132; Sir Robert Peel (Liberal), 4,625; majority, 2,507.

—Two men, named Grave and Loder, who belonged to the crew of the steamer Earnmoor, which foundered near the Bahamas at the beginning of September, arrived at Baltimore. They told a tale of great suffering at sea in their boat, having had to consume as food parts of the bodies of two companions who had died.

30.—The trial of several men and women, including Father McFadden, for being concerned in the events at Gweedore, Ireland, which led to the death of Inspector Martin, came to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, by many of the prisoners pleading guilty to misdemeanour. Father McFadden pleaded guilty to obstructing the police. Some of the misdemeanants were sentenced to penal servitude for manslaughter; others to short terms of imprisonment. Father McFadden was released on his own recognisances.

#### NOVEMBER.

1.—A new carpet factory which was in course of erection in Bennie Place, Glasgow, and which had reached the height of five storeys, suddenly collapsed. Thirty women who were engaged in the factory were killed, while many more were injured.

4.—Information reached London that the followers of Emin Pasha had revolted. The Equatorial Province of Central Africa was shortly afterwards invaded by the Mahdists.

6.—Mrs. Edmonds, of Llanelly, was delivered of four children—three girls and one boy. The boy and one girl died shortly after birth.

—A report reached Zanzibar that the members of the expedition fitted out in Germany for the relief of Emin Pasha had been massacred by the Massais.

9.—The trial of John Watson Laurie, who was accused of the murder of Edwin Robert Rose, near the head of Glen Sannox, Arran, Scotland, on July 15th last, commenced at Edinburgh on the 8th, and terminated to-day. Laurie was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed.

—Two prominent Republican politicians of the United States, Colonel William Cassius Goodloe and Colonel Amistead Swope, who had quarrelled some time previously, met to-day at the post office, Lexington, Kentucky. High words passed, when Swope drew a pistol and shot Goodloe in the abdomen. Goodloe then drew a knife, and stabbed Swope thirteen times. Both men died.



